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MR. BRIGHT AT GLASGOW.

ALTHOUGH it is probable that he would not admit the fact, it is clear that Mr. Bright has benefited by the newspaper criticism of his recent speeches. The address which he has just delivered at Glasgow is in every way more worthy of himself and of his reputation than those which fell from him at Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham. Whatever view may be entertained of the opinions expressed or the arguments advanced in this latest effort of the "great tribune"—as it is the fashion in certain circles to call him,—no one can deny its eminent merits as a piece of oratory. Although there may perhaps be nothing very new in the ideas put forth, they are developed with genuine power and with a freshness that is a welcome relief from threadbare vituperation of Mr. Lowe. We have more than once expressed a regret, which we still entertain, that these vast gatherings are not enlisted in the support of some more practical project of Reform than that which is embodied in the programme of the Reform League. That regret does not, however, make us insensible to the great and beneficial influence which they have unquestionably had upon the position of the Reform question. It is all very well for the most recent addition to the Metropolitan Conservative press to upbraid Mr. Bright for wasting his energies in discussing a point which is already settled. But if it be settled that there must be Reform—if her Majesty's Ministers are only doubtful how far they shall go with that tide of democracy which it was once their mission to stem—no impartial observer can doubt that this change in their attitude and policy has been mainly caused by the imposing popular demonstrations at our principal seats of manufacturing industry. Although Mr. Disraeli, with characteristic astuteness, carefully guarded himself during the debates of last session from any express denial of the necessity for a Reform Bill, other Conservative leaders, and the great body of the party, were by no means so cautious. If their reasoning—or the sort of declamation which stood them in the stead of reasoning—meant anything, it meant that the working classes are already sufficiently represented, or have the means of becoming so; and that, at all events, it is, as Mr. Lowe contends, dangerous to make any concessions to the popular demands, lest we should lose the power of resisting future encroachments, however outrageous. It is scarcely decent in the organs of such a party, after it has yielded—if it has yielded—to agitation what it would not grant to argument, now to turn round and pretend that the demonstrations which their blindness and obstinacy have provoked are entirely useless and uncalled-for, because no one now thinks of disputing the necessity of a measure to which the House of Commons, during last session, showed itself unmistakably adverse. Whatever may be, or may have been, the feeling of the middle classes in reference to the enfranchisement of the working classes, there is too much reason to believe that a majority of their representatives then regarded even a moderate measure of the kind with scant sympathy. To whatever criticism Mr. Bright may be exposed from earnest but less advanced Liberals, who think that his influence is not always wisely employed, and that his advocacy of the cause of Reform is often marked by grave errors of tact and temper, he is, at least, secure against Conservative rebukes for spending time and labour in a work of supererogation. For

our part we have not sufficient faith in Lord Derby and his colleagues to think it possible to accumulate too much proof of the only kind which is likely to influence them, that the people want Reform, and mean to have it. Our only objection is to the mode and the tone in which the work is being carried on.

The general argument in favour of Reform has seldom been stated with greater clearness and force than by Mr. Bright in the speech on which we are commenting. It may seem a matter of indifference to some politicians how many or how few of the people are intrusted with the franchise, so long as the result of the system is a satisfactory House of Commons. But such a view is at variance with all the constitutional traditions of England, and with every notion which Englishmen entertain of the relations between themselves and their Government. We wish to be—we endeavour to believe that we are—not only a well-governed, but a self-governed people; but it is difficult to maintain this pleasant delusion in face of the fact that 84 per cent. of the adult males in the United Kingdom have no votes. No theories of "class" or "virtual" representation can reconcile so startling a fact with the principles of the Constitution, especially when it is considered that the excluded masses are composed, and are intentionally composed, almost entirely of one section of our fellow-countrymen. The restricted character of the franchise, and the monstrously unfair distribution of seats are defects in our system too startling and too utterly indefensible permanently to withstand effective exposure, even if no injurious results could be clearly traced to them. For they are defects which go directly and fatally to the root of that confidence of the people in their institutions which is an essential element in the government of every free country. It is indeed said that if we listen to arguments in favour of Reform drawn from the broad facts we have mentioned, we shall be compelled to advance much further in the direction of Mr. Beales and manhood suffrage than our inclinations would lead us to do. But the truth is that neither we nor any one else can help listening to such arguments when they once take possession of the minds of the great body of the people; and although, as they are sometimes used, they do undoubtedly tend, as it is said, rather to Revolution than to Reform, we have great faith in the practical sense of our countrymen, provided they are not exasperated by the prolonged refusal of their just demands. If the governing classes show a prompt disposition to diminish the gap between theory and practice, by the enfranchisement of a considerable number of the working classes, we have little doubt that it will be perfectly easy to stop far short of the point of danger to our institutions. In order to do this, it is, however, requisite that no time should be lost. The longer a settlement is delayed, the more influence will facts and figures like those in question exercise over the minds of the people, and the more difficult will it be to satisfy the demands which they irresistibly suggest to those who are labouring under a sense of political injustice. But the argument in favour of Reform does not, as Mr. Bright says, rest merely on the fact that our existing system is only representative in a direct way of a small portion of the nation. The prevalence of corruption in some places, and of intimidation in others—the increasing extent to which members of the House of Commons owe their election to illicit influences of

one kind or other—together with the weak, ineffective, and half-hearted measures which are taken to repress these evils, are strong indications of rottenness in the present system. If a restricted franchise with a large number of small borough constituencies have utterly failed to preserve the healthy tone of our political life, it is but reasonable to try whether health may not be restored by an infusion of new blood into the body politic, and by the adoption of such measures as will prevent its stagnating in insignificant places, which are the easy prey of those who seek to corrupt them. Restricted and corrupt as is our representation, it is yet open to another—perhaps, even, to a more fatal—charge, that of bearing a class character. On this point there can be no dispute, because the Reform Act of 1832 never pretended to enfranchise the working classes, while the statistics laid before Parliament in the course of last session prove that it is only in a small proportion of the boroughs that they exercise any appreciable influence. Our Parliament is essentially a rich man's Parliament, and although it may have every desire to do justice to those by whom it is not returned, it is not likely to do this to anything like the same extent, as if the labouring, like other interests, had the means of making its power directly felt within the walls of the Palace of Westminster. While other classes have, through their representatives, a distinct power in Parliament, the working classes can only appeal to it as petitioners; and as such they are, of course, placed at an immense disadvantage. Consciously or unconsciously, rich men will legislate mainly in the interests of rich men. They will pay imperfect attention to the interests of poor men when they conflict with their own, or to the opinions of poor men when they are at variance with the social theories which well-to-do people naturally embrace. The poor man's view does not get the chance of a fair hearing from such an assembly, and it is only natural that poor men should feel and resent this. Parliament has certainly of late years paid great attention to questions affecting the labouring classes; but they have dealt with them entirely from a middle or upper class point of view, and whenever measures which conflicted with the interests of one section of the House have been passed, it has been by the influence of another section whose interests they did not touch. In reference to all questions such as national education, or the treatment of pauperism, when the interests and the feelings of the rich as a body are on one side, and those of the poor as a body are on the other, the latter have been more or less sacrificed and overruled. Even if this were not the case, it is impossible that the labouring classes should repose confidence in a body in which their direct influence is unfelt. If nothing be done to satisfy them, and to restore their waning attachment to the institutions of the country, there will be a constantly widening breach between the different ranks of the people. If we persist in excluding a considerable body of intelligent and thinking men, who are conscious of their fitness to exercise the rights, and fulfil the duties of citizenship, we must be prepared to have not one nation, but two hostile nations within these islands, we must give up the hope of any real national unity at the very time when it is most necessary to us. Although we do not entertain the sanguine hopes which Mr. Bright expressed as to the power of legislation to make Eden, "beauteous in flower, and profuse in fruit," bloom in the waste wilderness, there is no doubt that much more might be done than has been done, if those who suffer from the evils of our existing social state had a more direct and powerful influence in the application of such remedies as lie within the power and province of Parliament.

Our hearty concurrence in Mr. Bright's general argument increases our regret that its force should have been weakened by many absurd exaggerations and by the expression of more than one opinion which is calculated to spread needless alarm, and to excite increased hostility to the cause which he is advocating. We must pass over some points on which we differ widely from him, but upon two we must say a few words. The constitution of England, before the passing of the Reform Bill, was bad enough, no doubt, but still the people enjoyed substantial freedom under it, and those who recollect what was the state of the Continent at the same time, can only wonder at the strange perversity which could lead Mr. Bright to describe our Government in those days as one of the worst in the civilized world. Such statements give an unfortunate colour to that charge of hostility to English institutions which his opponents are so fond of bringing against him, and which has undoubtedly materially affected his influence. Then we cannot help thinking that it was in the highest degree unwise to raise the question of the land laws on such an occasion. The tendency of land to accumulate in a few hands may be mischievous, but it arises from causes which are mainly inde-

pendent of legislation, and which can only be checked—if it can be checked—by measures for which public opinion is at present by no means ripe, and which in general estimation savour strongly of communism or socialism. Surely, then, it would be better to leave so dangerous a topic alone; Reformers have difficulties enough to contend against, without entering into a needless war with the cherished opinions and prejudices of the moneyed classes of society. Nothing can be more unfortunate than to associate the ideas of an extension of the franchise and of an attack on the rights of property; and undoubtedly some countenance is lent to such an association, when it is said or implied that it is the duty of the Legislature to take steps for increasing the number of landed proprietors.

THE SITUATION IN AMERICA.

THERE seems no reason to doubt that the result of the elections now going on in the United States will be adverse to President Johnson and his policy. For this he has in great part to blame himself. His speeches, and indeed his whole bearing and conduct during his recent progress through the States, were an outrage upon political decency, and a direct defiance to public opinion in the North. Had he adopted a conciliatory tone—had he contented himself with advocating a generous policy towards the South, and with insisting upon the advantage of restoring the Union at the earliest possible period—had he shown the slightest wish to secure for the conquerors in the late civil war the legitimate fruits of their victory in the final settlement of the negro question, it is not impossible that he would have rallied around him a majority of moderate men whom the violence and intemperance of the Radical leaders had disgusted and alienated. Instead of doing this, however, he appeared with scarcely any disguise as the advocate and champion of the South. Instead of soothing, he exasperated party feeling; and he impressed the Northern people with a conviction that, while he cared little or nothing for their interests or wishes, he sympathized keenly with the feelings and prejudices of those who were lately their enemies, and whom they have not yet learnt to regard as friends. By his obstinate adherence to the old doctrines of State rights, he gave rise to a natural and, indeed, a well-founded impression, that it was the object, and would be the effect, of his policy to restore a condition of things which had always been a fertile source of weakness, and to frustrate the ardent desire of the Northern people to consolidate the Union into a nation. By the outrageous coarseness of his language, by the violence of his invectives against those who differed from him, and by the intolerable egotism in which he seemed steeped, he threw the worst of his opponents into the shade, and convinced all the respectable portions of society that the best interests of the State demanded that a President who could so degrade his high office should be placed under the most stringent and effective control. That his interference in the elections has been attended with the worst results is admitted by his own adherents; but we incline to think that even without his intervention the Radical party would have proved substantially successful. There is no doubt that in many of the large towns, and especially in trading towns like New York, there was a large party, possibly a majority, in favour of receiving the late Confederate States into the Union on the easiest possible terms. In these places the interests of trade are paramount to all others, while from tolerably obvious causes the unfortunate negro is in them rather an object of aversion than of care. But the whole course of events, since the first election of Mr. President Lincoln, has proved conclusively that the political destinies of the North are in the hands not of the traders of the East, but of the agriculturists of the West. It was to the unflinching pertinacity of the latter that the prosecution of the war under most adverse circumstances was mainly due; and they have a just conviction that to them more than to any one else its successful termination is owing. To attain this end they made the severest sacrifices, and strained their energies to the utmost. They have, therefore, every motive and every incentive to take good care that their victory over the slaveholding aristocracy of the South shall be complete and final. For these, the inhabitants of newly-settled territory—emigrants either from Europe or from other portions of the Union—the doctrine of State rights has little or no value. They are citizens not of a State, but of the United States; and although they are undoubtedly not without local attachments, they are strictly subservient to a larger patriotism. They do not want to restore the old Union, but to found a new country, and hence, while they are impervious to most of

the arguments of the democratic or "State-rights" party, they are firmly convinced of the importance of extirpating every element of future dissension, and of depriving those who were but recently in rebellion, of any means of asserting a quasi-independence. It is not likely that men with these views would have listened favourably to a proposition to readmit the South to the Union, on terms which amounted to little more than promising to behave well for the future. Although they might not be disposed to insist upon the adoption of negro suffrage and of other extreme measures embraced in the original reconstructive scheme of the Radical party, we incline to think that they would in any event have given their support to the modified plan, which merely deprives the South of about one-third of their representation in Congress if they refuse the blacks the right of suffrage, and excludes from office those who took an active part either as civil or military officers of the late Confederate Government. However, it is needless to speculate on what might have been the result if the President had been more prudent or exhibited more tact, since it is admitted that, as matters stand, the elections will be so far favourable to the Radical party as to give them absolute power in the next session of Congress.

According to the well-informed correspondent of a contemporary, Mr. Weed and other friends of the President have advised him to yield to a power against which he cannot contend. They would have him avert from the South the danger of being subjected to conditions at least as severe as those originally proposed, by accepting that modified plan of reconstruction which we have just described. It can scarcely be doubted that Mr. Johnson would do well to take this advice, and that the South would do equally well to reconcile itself to a fate which is perfectly inevitable. The question in issue at the present elections is substantially whether the North should prefer an easy but perhaps superficial accommodation of recent differences—immediate restoration of the Union, plausible in appearance, but possibly treacherous in reality—or should insist upon retaining its control over the South until the *virus* of secession had been completely expelled. That question is now substantially decided in favour of the latter alternative, and as the North has abundant power to enforce any policy which it may deliberately adopt, it is clear that the late Confederate States would act wisely in accepting the situation with the best possible grace. It is clear that they have no power to resist or even materially to harass their conquerors. The collapse of such a state of society as existed amongst them before the Rebellion is fatal and decisive when once it takes place; and if they do not feel it themselves, every one else can see that they are perfectly at the mercy of their conquerors. It is, however, doubtful whether they will again be offered the comparatively moderate terms which their not unnatural, but as it has turned out most unfortunate, confidence in Mr. Johnson led them to reject. The Radicals, flushed with a victory of unexpected completeness, show every disposition to push their successes to the utmost. The design of impeaching the President seems to be seriously entertained, and some plausible grounds have been found for so extreme and hitherto unprecedented a proceeding. The charges against him are three in number. In the first place, he is accused of usurping the exclusive power of appointment to offices in the public service, and converting the civil servants of the Government into creatures of his own; in the second place, with making peace with the Confederate States by proclamation without consulting Congress; and in the third place, with disposing of prize in violation of an article of the Constitution which gives to Congress, and to Congress alone, the power to make rules concerning captures by land and water. The first of these charges is considered the most serious; but although there may be good ground for saying Mr. Johnson has evaded the Constitution by dismissing, during the recess of Congress, all functionaries who will not support his policy, and then filling their places by friends of his own, for whose nomination sanction of the Senate has not been obtained, still it does not appear to us that he can be said to have violated the Constitution, which allows him to appoint to vacancies arising during a recess and does not forbid him from creating them by his own act. No doubt he has abused his power, but we cannot see that he has exceeded it, and, at all events, he has in this respect done no more than Mr. Lincoln did at the time of his second election for the Presidency. It is, however, comparatively immaterial whether the charges will, in point of law, support an impeachment. The only important points are whether the Radicals will vote them sufficient, and whether, if they proceed to act upon them, the President will submit. Upon the first point it would be premature to offer an opinion, for

the ultimate decision of the party will depend upon a variety of circumstances about which we know nothing at present. The second point is not so doubtful. Although the President may have ordered some troops to Washington, we utterly disbelieve in the probability of that new civil war about which some people are said to be talking. Depend upon it, neither General Grant nor any other general will resist Congress by force, especially after the result of very recent elections has shown conclusively that that body is supported by the nation. And even if any military leader did entertain such a notion, he would be powerless to carry out a design from which the soldiers under his command—citizens as well as soldiers—would certainly recoil. The Americans will, we have not the slightest doubt, be able to arrange their present as they have arranged other domestic difficulties, which did not involve territorial interests, without an appeal to force; nor do we suppose that the peace of the world will be seriously disturbed even if the President should seek to recover the prestige which he has lost in the recent elections by the adoption of a more vigorous policy in regard to Mexico. So far as we can judge, that empire is too nearly defunct to become a cause of quarrel; and after the Emperor Napoleon has yielded so much to American remonstrances, he is not likely to take any violent offence even if General Dix should talk rather more peremptorily than Mr. Bigelow about the withdrawal of the French troops. We are, moreover, quite unable to see that the President can derive any advantage from a bellicose policy, which his opponents would be equally ready to adopt if they were in his place. Upon the whole we come therefore to the conclusion that, in American phraseology, Andrew Johnson is "played out," and that nothing remains for him and his Southern clients but to "cave in" on the best terms they can get from the mercy or generosity of antagonists who have a fixed and well-defined policy, and are wanting neither in the power nor the resolution to carry it out.

THE TRANSFER OF VENETIA.

We often hear that sentiment is no longer influential in the world's affairs; but we have only to look back a little, and around a little, to perceive how potent it still is. To take a single illustration not germane to our subject, what but sentiment animated and sustained the sympathy with which the majority of Englishmen followed the hopeless fortunes of the ill-fated Southern Confederation? As for Italy, what could be more chivalrous or full of high sentiment than the emotions with which Europe, and especially this country, has watched every step of her progress to consolidation and freedom? Mere "geographical expressions" have a way of realizing themselves which must be very provoking to the critic-statesmen who abound in fancy for cold-blooded epithets, but lack imagination to forecast the achievements of the world's great forces. It is just possible, though the *Times* says Bismarck has not done his work at all "neatly," that ere long the geographical expression Germany may be pronounceable, even by cynics, without sardonic accents; while Italy, that geographical expression at least was the chrysalis of a winged but substantial fact, now the admiration and encouragement of those who once wearily longed for its appearing. Nor would it be too much to say that even when Mr. Disraeli opprobriously ridiculed the aspirations of Italy, the enthusiasm of the people of this country—whom that statesman will never understand—was already "in the slips straining upon the start." Since those dull times of painful yearning and dull scepticism, that enthusiasm has sped fleetly on, but happily it has never outstripped the grand progress of the nation in whose behalf it was kindled. We hail the transfer of Venetia to Italy with a joy which as temperately keeps time with events as that which greeted the first dawn of Cavourian daylight, or that which gladly anticipated the noon when Garibaldi, with his meagre following, entered Naples by railway express. The age of chivalry is not past when the happiness and independence of a resuscitated country are thus tenderly and ardently nurtured by the sympathies of a nation to whose interests its prosperity has no special relation.

In the great event of the past week there is another element which gives it piquancy and zest. From the earliest dawning of intelligence there is in most of us a great demand for actualities. We love to be intimate at least with the outsides and tangible crusts of large occurrences. To many men the conviction that it would be impossible really to see a great battle is a positive annoyance and plague of life. We love to behold the actual signing, sealing, and delivery of the world's neat deeds. Legislation has a new reality for us when we witness the purely formal process of bowing and

proclaiming by which the clerk of the Parliaments turns bills into statutes. The legend that the Sovereign must tap at the gates of Temple Bar, and sue humbly to the Lord Mayor for permission if her Majesty wishes to enter, gives solid gratification to the popular mind, and even Mr. Bright thinks it as bad a thing as he can say of a Tory Government that they would sell the mace for the sake of remaining a little longer in office. The actual transfer of Venetia, so well described in this week's Italian correspondence, is a concession, though made unintentionally, to this weakness for the concrete; although it was a mere symbolism of a particularly unsubstantial fact. Probably many persons feel at this moment a conviction of Italian unity and independence such as no mere statement could have produced, because an actual officer of the Austrian service has visibly transferred to an officer of the same rank in the French army the custody of a Venetian city, which the latter then and there visibly transferred to the municipality. The place was a free fortification for some hours, and when it ceased to be so, it was because the troops of Victor Emmanuel had entered with flying colours, and made it part and parcel of the Italian kingdom. With some, association is even more powerful than these ceremonial condensations of great historical changes. Victor Emmanuel, as head of the house of Savoy, might be forgiven for preferring that the treaty of peace with Austria should be signed in Turin—that the work should be completed where it was begun. The people of Venice, who in 1848 made so brave a stand for their hard-won liberties, could not but be deeply moved by the symbolic presentation of a beautiful woman, clothed in mourning and covered with chains, to the King, as soon as he came in sight of the city. Here, instead of the keys of the city being handed to the Sovereign, he was to receive, from the Podesta, an axe, typical of the striking off of Venetian fetters. Then the shackles and the mourning weeds of the beautiful woman were to disappear, amidst shouts and cannon salvos; and, in the guise of a goddess of Liberty, she would hand to the King, upon a cushion, the golden key, which should open to him the gates of his newly-acquired treasure. To a highly-excited and subtle-minded people this display would undoubtedly be most thrilling and imposing. But the average mind of Europe is more impressable by those drier details which are the husks of great historical kernels. General Menabrea, in a room at Vienna, paying down the 87,500,000 lire of Italian indemnity, was the incarnation of a revolution; nor was the episode devoid of charms, both of association and symbol; for when this price had been paid down, no less a treasure than the veritable and long-coveted iron crown of Lombardy passed from Austrian to Italian hands, becoming, in the transfer, an emblem and pledge of the national independence, which, during its alien captivity, could never seem complete. There is no Didymus in Europe who can doubt the redemption of Italy now; but honoured be those who, in the darkest hour of her depression, not having seen, yet believed in the brightness of her destiny and the certainty of her resurrection.

Henceforth it is the mere formal completion of her great task that the country with which all the world is romantically in love, will have to accomplish. She may reach her destination without much difficulty; for the remaining stages are easy, and a conquering host marches gaily and with *élan* even where grave difficulties interpose. We shall not emulate those who at this moment press upon Italy miscellanies of good advice. Solomon, the old steward in "The Stranger," receives important communications from all parts of the world, and is thoroughly acquainted with diplomacy and international complications; but in the way of instruction and chastisement he confines himself to his loutish son Peter, and leaves the nations of the world to go on as they list. We have contemporaries who are not so modest, and who, with or without information, perpetually exhort foreign nations to be good, economical, merciful, moderate, cautious, "neat," and all the rest of it. Very little reflection would suggest how wasteful of time and ink is all such exhortatory eloquence. Italy, after all, has taught us more in the last few years than we could teach her in a far longer space of time, even if she had much to learn. But her people are patriotic and apt, her parliaments are self-restrained, her Ministers are timely in action and wise in their alliances, her King is constitutional as well as enthusiastic, quiescent as well as brave. With rare wisdom, the Italians have chosen as their capital the city of all others most fitted by beauty, by situation, by convenience, and by historical renown, to silence the claims of all other competitors for metropolitan honours. Florence is being renewed and aggrandised and beautified; and though the Roman question has still to be settled, there are welcome signs that its settlement, which cannot be long deferred, will not disturb an arrangement which works so well,

and which could be defended, if it needed defence, by almost every argument that practical considerations should suggest. And this matter of the capital is not more important in itself than significant as a type of the good sense and sound statesmanship of the Italian people and their rulers. Never was sudden prosperity borne so soberly; never did long adversity do less to weaken the powers, to corrupt the virtue, or to derange the ideas of a nation. That there is still much to be done none know so well as the Italians, but no nation could have a juster expectation of doing it. And the friends of Italy, when they see the martyrdom of Venetia ended, the acquisition of Rome in the early future, and all difficulties as to the selection of her capital seemingly averted, may be permitted some degree even of ecstasy in contrasting the prospects of the future with the apparent hopelessness of the past. Remember the plaintive wail of Petrarch:—"Alas! Italy feels not her sufferings. Decrepid, sluggish, and languid, will she sleep for ever? Oh, that I had my hands twisted in her hair!" Could Petrarch see the Italy of to-day? But it is not many years since his pathetic complaint, though written centuries ago, seemed still bitterly appropriate to the state of his now more fortunate country.

FRANCE.

THE handwriting on the walls of the Tuileries needs no Daniel to interpret it. True or false, the characters are not mysterious. They denote an approaching cataclysm. All the incense of imperial devotees cannot render them illegible. To every one they bring a message of grave and alarming import, and even to those who regard them most calmly they are disquieting and full of sinister possibilities. The event which must come some day will probably come soon. In the meanwhile all is uncertainty, made painful by the knowledge that it must soon and sharply terminate no one knows how. The Emperor, however, so far as we yet know, has not withdrawn from the business of the State, nor fallen into that condition in which his own physical sufferings must of necessity be the sole subject of his thought. He is not the pallid and unconscious tenant of the Royal palanquin borne to the front, with curtains closed around, to animate the drooping courage of the warriors in a great dynastic conflict. He is no Louis XI., lost to the affairs of his kingdom in the shivering agonies of his individual experience. Nor is he a King John struck down in the midst of heavy troubles far below sensibility to public misfortunes. Whether good or evil impend, the eye of Napoleon III. is still fixed piercingly on the future, and his hand, though it may tremble, still inscribes the scroll of his country's domestic destiny with the dictates of a wisdom as yet undecayed. No spectacle could more touchingly appeal to the sensibilities of susceptible minds. At the sight of greatness struggling with infirmity—a Pitt dominating in the Senate by noble eloquence uttered in spite of debility and nausea—a Leopold counselling the wisest men in Europe when their sagacity was at fault, while himself the prey of an agonizing disorder—or, to come nearer to one's own personal sympathies, a Thackeray delighting society with touches of infinite humour and pathos while wincing under the remembrance and the apprehension of surgical torture—all differences of opinion disappear, and only a pained consciousness remains of heroism exerted under circumstances where no meretricious aids can support the will, and where great qualities besides fighting great battles have to be their own pioneers, and hew down formidable obstacles ere they can even reach the field of strife. It is an unequal war, which none who wage can hope finally to win. If the handwriting on the Tuileries wall is true, the Emperor may maintain to the last his hold on public affairs; his extraordinary vigour may continue to the very end; he may still evince the unprejudiced wisdom which has so often conspicuously developed itself in him, more, perhaps, under the influence of comparative failure, than in his years of unchallenged pre-eminence and predominance. But unless a general can die happily in the hour of victory, which he knows his death may convert into defeat, it will not be with a happy assurance that his ambition has been realized, that the Emperor Napoleon III. will surrender his life and his dominion.

All is as yet unknown as to the results such an event would have on the people of France. Several contingencies are argued for with what appears to us disproportionate confidence. There is always the rough and ready supposition that the death of the Emperor would be followed by "another provisional Government." Mr. Walter Bagehot, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, expresses very freely the conviction that the system of rule now prevalent in France is government by revolution—election of an absolute sovereign by fighting in the

streets of Paris; and he expects little else to follow if the present Emperor should be removed. There are others, however, who insist that Prince Napoleon is ready to step into his cousin's place, and would succeed in reaching and in retaining it. If this should be the issue, the democratic tendencies of the Emperor's foreign policy might be expected to increase, and France, which the *Journal des Débats* says is now to be considered the eldest daughter of the Revolution rather than of the Church, would, at least so far as the new Emperor found it practicable, befriend the cause of liberty wherever it needed a friend, and renew the services which, in the earliest days of revolutionary principles, France rendered to the new régime. But this prospect, not an unpleasant one to the more "advanced" of European Liberals, is discredited by the apprehension that the army does not love the Prince, and would not help him. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the same work in which he informed us that all past European catastrophes arose from secret societies which were "at war with property" and "hated the Semitic revelation," made another statement, less imaginative, but not therefore more true, on the subject of standing armies. "Let us not be deluded," said he, "by forms of government. The word may be republic in France, constitutional monarchy in Prussia, absolute monarchy in Austria; but the thing is the same. Wherever there is a vast standing army, the government is the government of the sword." And he demonstrated this with his usual facility. "Half a million of armed men must either be or not be in a state of discipline. If they be not in a state of discipline, but follow different chiefs, it is not government, but anarchy; if they be in a state of discipline, they must obey one man, and that man is the master." This, however, is one of those passages in which the great Semitic Avatar exposes the triviality of his political ideas by the very lucidity and epigram of his language. The possible predominance of a standing army does not often become actual, and is kept down by a hundred influences that seem weak and insignificant beside it. In the confusion, which is the only certain consequence of the Emperor's decease, Prince Napoleon might probably find his way to the hearts of the soldiers. His cousin did so at a time when his reputation was little other than ridiculous, and it would surely go hard but Prince Napoleon would find some benefit at least from his extraordinary resemblance to the first Emperor, by virtue of whose almost supernatural prestige, even his present able and original successor is proud to reign. If not, however, a regency under the Empress suggests itself as the form of Government most likely to embody the preferences of the effective masters of the situation. But the Empress brings with her an atmosphere of sacerdotal supremacy and even fanaticism, with which the army have no sympathy, and which is notoriously repulsive to a vast majority of the French nation. A young Emperor, educated by a devotee and her spiritual directors, seems the most unlikely of all occupants of the French throne to protract the glories of the Napoleon dynasty. Thus, at all points, the horoscope is puzzling—the "eel of truth" wriggles out of the firmest grasp, and buries itself in the sand of chaotic circumstance.

To appreciate the seriousness of these eventualities, about which it is so easy to forge conjectures, we must glance at them, as far as we can, through the mind of the great democrat-autocrat over whom the coming end casts such deep shadows. While those around him are anxiously speculating on what may be—while the quidnuncs of Europe are vainly puzzling themselves as to what is—the Emperor, conscious that he nears the limits of his career, anxious that his dynasty should continue, longing for some assurance of its perpetuation, wastes no time, nevertheless, in vague vaticinations. He seeks no witches' cave—plots against no Banquo—pursues no Fleance. He summons all his energies for the fitter occupation of setting his house in order. He busily retrieves the errors of the somewhat wayward last years of his rule. He calmly and firmly unravels the Transatlantic complications into which he was drawn chiefly by his partisanship of the Southern Confederation. He accepts in a philosophical spirit, not only of resignation but of comprehension, the results of the late convulsions in Central Europe. He proceeds, by sure and unfaltering counsels, in the wise policy which is to eventuate before this year ends in the withdrawal from the Papal territories of the last French soldier. About this there can be no mistake. The *Débats*, one of the calmest and best informed of French journals, rejoices in the fact that after the 8th of December the French army will no longer be commissioned to repress in Rome the love of country, the longing for independence, the desire for liberty and equality, and the demand for religious and political rights, which they in their hearts

respect and admire. By the 15th of December, says the *Débats*, unforeseen things may have occurred, and, at least, a certain number of weeks must have elapsed; but the Pope will on that day be alone in the presence of his subjects. It is not possible to dispute that in the gradual elucidation by time of the Mexican difficulty, and in the firm settlement, by politic good faith, of the Roman question, the Emperor's rule appears under the most favourable aspect. With all his faults, it is he who first taught Europe to see in "accomplished facts" the results of the great moral and national tendencies of the time. In process of events, Europe bettered the instruction, but it did not grow wiser than its teacher. He is too acute and profound a man to shrink from the consequences of a doctrine which he adopted, not so much because it was convenient to his ambition, as because he could not escape obligations which were involved in every event of his time. It will be a fitting conclusion to a not inglorious reign if the remaining reservations of personal ambition be at last banished from that comprehensive and sagacious policy which must supply the traditions of his dynasty, if his dynasty is to survive him.

THE EDUCATION SQUABBLE IN IRELAND.

LAST March we called attention to the difficulties which the late Government had to contend with on the subject of education in Ireland. Like everything else in that country, the question resolves itself into a grievance. The Queen's Colleges, originally instituted with a view to please both parties, or three parties, have been cursed out of the reach of Roman Catholics by Cardinal Cullen, and he insists on a special charter for an academy constructed purely on his own principles. Now we view with regret the comparative failure of the Queen's Colleges. Protestants in Ireland are just as narrow-minded and as bigoted as Roman Catholics; there is not an iota of difference between the two parties in this respect; and on first showing, an educational scheme which would tend to abate their mutual prejudices would appear to be most desirable. But the country was not, nor is it, ripe for an experiment of the kind. One objection urged with some fairness by the Catholic community is, that the very school-books are in the opposite interest, that professors who did not touch on religion in history left out the sense of history, that a lad who saw polemics shelved systematically would begin to believe that polemics were unimportant, and that, in short, his studies would have an unhallowed and materialistic drift. On the other hand, the Government, in establishing cheap universities, thought that secular teaching would attract the liberal attention of all communions; but they had reckoned without Dr. Cullen. Those universities had in the commencement the support of several Roman Catholic bishops, and, at a synod of the hierarchy held in Thurles, the Queen's Colleges were only outvoted by a majority of one. When the priests found, however, that they could not effect the slightest influence on the working of the colleges, and that the graduates who came from them frequently broke out into rather free-minded pamphlets, when his Holiness (after the majority of one) had formally pronounced against them, their case, as far as Roman Catholic patronage was concerned, was doomed. The latter interest now began to set up for itself, and a house in Stephen's-green, which formerly belonged to a famous spendthrift, was purchased for the express manufacture of Ultramontanes. Dr. Newman lectured this concern into considerable notice, although his orations were but scantily attended, and as scantily understood by the kind of audience that assembled to hear him in the Dublin Rotunda. A tax was levied throughout the country, and a sort of annual Catholic University benefit was ordained by Dr. Cullen, who also directed a general whip from all the parochial churches for the same purpose. Despite these exertions, the Catholic University, so far from fulfilling the splendid expectations of Dr. Newman—who in one lecture saw the waters of the Bay of Dublin freighted with cargoes of students—dropped into the level of a large school, with an excellent class of medicine attached to it. Roman Catholics who desired a university education for their children, and could afford it, sent them to Trinity College, where a degree was procurable, and which, strange to say, was not put under the ban so emphatically as were the Queen's Colleges. The Catholic University was not popular with them, nor is it popular with them at this moment. It had always an incomplete, impoverished air, and the students had no particular character for steadiness or propriety over those of Trinity College, while the competition and the standard for prizes was notoriously lower. Dr. Newman left it, it was said, in disgust. The Professor of *belles lettres* went to reside in

Normandy; several other chairs were also vacated, and then it was that the promoters determined on giving the go-cart another push. A national laying of a foundation stone was decided on; and, although the committee or managers did not well know where another stone was to come from or be paid for, they put down one with immense ceremony and circumstance. The effort to procure a charter for the Catholic University was next made a hustings cry, and the ecclesiastical screw was put on with this intent. The Government were pressed both by reason and by policy to yield to this demand. The reason was sound if every other condition influencing it was equally sound; but Ireland is surrounded with abnormal conditions which entirely destroy the rational force of an argument. We do not find denominational education mischievous in England, but neither do we find the absence of tenant right mischievous here. If the Government suspected, as Sir Robert Peel suspected, that education under clerical dictation meant education narrowed to an illiberal and a sinister point, he was quite right in his exertions to obviate a result of which no Minister could approve, and the successive Governments following his opinion have been distinctly justified in supporting the Queen's Colleges. But however well this principle deserved success, it never achieved it. The whole priestly power in Ireland was brought to bear against it, for in the spirit of that effective discipline which overthrows all opposition, the few priests and bishops who at first were inclined to the Queen's Colleges, on being given the word of command, fell back into a maledictory brigade, and could find no expression either too hot or too heavy to fling at those unfortunate seminaries.

The Queen's University conferred degrees originally upon students of the Queen's Colleges of Cork, Belfast, and Galway; it is now open, like the London University, to students from every quarter, including those of the Catholic University, to which the Government, while refusing a separate charter, in this manner bring within the privileges of a University. The concession under the supplemental charter of the Queen's University was strongly commented on by Sir Robert Kane at the Convocation meeting, and he gave as a prime reason for his disapproval of it, the fact of such an arrangement being identical with that of the London University, which he condemned in emphatic language. The proceedings after a time developed into a row, Mr. Peter McCauley designating Sir Robert Kane as an "unworthy Roman Catholic," and Mr. Donnell politely alluding to a portion of the audience as the "bigots of the Catholic University and of the Magee College." Then a number of gentlemen left the room in high dudgeon, and the supplemental charter is to be handed over to counsel to pick flaws in it and otherwise confuse the matter as much as possible. So we have never done with blundering into Irish difficulties. Our intentions never save us from the mortification of seeing Protestants and Catholics at loggerheads, while recently the duel has assumed a triangular appearance from the addition to the combatants of the Presbyterian body. We are told there is something wrong in the Irish police—the land laws are out of order—commerce is out of joint—judges are made by the job—and here we have education setting all classes by the ears. If the Government would seriously contract with Cardinal Cullen to keep his flock quiet, reasonable, and contented, while we did our best to remedy the defects of a legislation inherited rather than originated by us, and if we could get any fair amount of credit for good feeling towards the country in the interval of trying to solve the problem of its perpetual disturbances and perplexities, there might be breathing time to mature a scheme of practical amelioration. But the fact is, an Irish trouble comes to a head with embarrassing quickness, and we are in the thick of it when we are only expecting a note of warning. The education squabble is only just commencing, and is a very pretty squabble as it stands now. Cardinal Cullen has not yet "pastoraled" it, and therefore it cannot be treated as a complete broil, but before Parliament sits we shall have it once more added to that category of complaints which our prescriptions lamentably fail to mitigate.

The Tories are in the thick of the battle, and the controversial shillelaghs brandished during the dispute will doubtless resound off these administrative heads, which, if Mr. Mill is to be believed, ought to return a hollow response. The Tory Lord Chancellor, Mr. Blackburne, has voted against the supplemental charter. He is Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, unquestionably a denominational establishment; and his inconsistency in opposing a step to impart to others what he approves of himself is about as national a proceeding as could be adopted. The Tory newspapers are divided on the point. Some are for rejecting every educational concession, while the *Evening Mail* would throw the bone to Irish Catholics

"if they desire it." One thing is certain—the question is neither fairly debated nor considered by Protestants, Catholics, or Presbyterians. Their intemperate, unmeaning bigotry—and we apply the term respectively to each—prevents them from observing even those simple amenities of discussion without which a meeting becomes a mere exchange of ungentlemanly personalities. The scene at the Dublin Convocation was disgraceful, and reflects discredit upon all the parties present. It would seem that Sir Robert Kane has been obliged to vindicate himself from charges by Sir Dominic Corrigan, and that a memorial has been presented to Lord Abercorn, praying him not to affix his signature to any document having connection with the supplemental charter; and to this memorial the names of upwards of ninety professors and graduates of the University have been attached. Here the matter rests, or rather does not rest, the entire business having stirred up those disreputable animosities which are the prime curse and mischief to Ireland.

THE VOLUNTEERS IN BELGIUM.

If we have taught the Belgians the principles of constitutional government, they have set us a pattern of hospitality, whose only fault is, that it is rather a reproach than an example. Hospitality on a large scale is not our forte. When a foreign prince does us the honour of visiting us, for the most part we take rooms for him in a tavern, and perhaps leave him in doubt whether he or we are to pay the bill. Will the Orphéonistes ever forget the reception they met with when they came over to sing for us at the Crystal Palace? Had they been German emigrants pausing in their transit to the port of Liverpool, they could hardly have fared worse amongst us. They came upon our invitation, and their visit was to be a great international holiday. They were to show us how well French artisans can sing, and we were to show them how entirely we were willing to learn and love everything French that was also good. We were honestly proud, moreover, to receive former enemies with open arms, just as we were when some hundreds of the National Guard came to visit us after the Revolution of 1848. But so ill-prepared were we to welcome them, so crude, deficient, and inadequate were our arrangements for their reception, that they might have doubted whether our enmity could be much worse than our hospitality. It is not so when Englishmen are invited abroad, whether they are volunteers or princes. We have not forgotten the truly Royal hospitalities of Sweden and Denmark to the Prince of Wales, nor the unprincipled return which was made them. And if the Garde Civique, who were at Wimbledon last summer, could speak their mind, we fear we should be rather ashamed at the contrast they would have to describe between the reception which London gave them and that which our volunteers have received in Brussels.

Yet there is something of which we, too, may be proud, in the hospitalities that have been lavished on our patriot soldiers with such unstinted generosity, for they are a testimony to the existence of sympathies between the two nations which could exist between them only. Belgium is the one success of our political propagandism, and a great success it is. Greece as yet is nothing to be proud of, and Italy is not our work, even if she should fulfil our expectations. But Belgium, allowing for the difference of religion, is a nation after our own heart, and we prize it so much that its Popery has passed scatheless even in Exeter Hall. There, as here, there are free institutions, a free press, representative Government, an industrious, peaceable, and thriving community, a monarch and people of one accord, having one aim, one heart, one life. Had our volunteers gone to France, they could have seen nothing of all this there. They would have seen plenty to admire, they would have fraternized perfectly with the people and the soldiery, and would no doubt have found a more complete reception than the unlucky French choristers found here. But the scenes they have witnessed in Belgium would have been simply impossible. The suspicion that the police have more to do with the enthusiasm of the public than the public themselves—that, in fact, it is not their enthusiasm at all—when the Emperor makes his appearance—could have no place in the Brussels festivities. If the Belgians ever have an incompatible feeling with regard to their King, it is not suggested by any doubt of him or of themselves. It is easy to see that, although there were French riflemen who had come to compete in the Tir International, and though in their regard the courtesy of the hosts was ample, its enthusiasm was towards the English. But this was not solely owing to a similarity of political institutions. The ambition of Belgium is like our own. She asks only to work out her national life within its present limits. She has no sodality to perfect, no aspirations

after territorial aggrandisement to satisfy, no kindred nationalities to redeem from the power of an alien oppressor, no frontiers to rectify. As long as she is mistress of her fate, she can have no higher wish, and she has none, but to remain as she is. Like England, she is the friend of peace, because she has everything to lose and nothing to gain by war; and there is again this similarity that, though with less power and less hope of success, every man of her population would unite in her defence against foreign aggressors.

The example of the Poles has shown what faith is to be placed in the chivalry of nations; and the recent annexations in Germany do not favour the belief that Europe has become a whit more chivalrous since the dismemberment of Poland. We are not, therefore, hopeful that in the event of one or two of the great Powers seeking to divide or dismember Belgium, she could rely upon finding help from without. Nevertheless it is well that the world should be made aware of the essential difference which exists between her and any of those States which, willingly or not, have been absorbed by others. We all sympathize with Poland, but her history does not show that the world lost, in her downfall, a model State. It is otherwise with Belgium. There we see a race qualified by nature to receive constitutional government—which is not an available blessing to all races—capable of developing and preserving it, and of working out within its limits a great career. But putting aside whatever danger may be possible from foreign aggression, Belgium shows every promise of permanent prosperity. She has, indeed, so far profited by the privilege of self-government that we question whether there are not many things which we, who aided mainly in creating her a free nation, might not with advantage copy from her. This perfect concurrence between throne and people is the great fact which our volunteers have learnt by their visit to Brussels, and it is of course infinitely more valuable than any successes they may have achieved with their rifles. But in saying this, we are not for a moment to be supposed as undervaluing the sympathy which their visit has elicited and strengthened between England and Belgium.

ROOKS AND PIGEONS.

Most persons would imagine that the individual who in this month of October, and year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-six, had the courage to join the direction of any new joint-stock company, whether limited or otherwise, or who would even subscribe for shares in the same, must indeed be a bold man. And yet symptoms are not wanting that amongst the corporation of "promoters" many are returning to the active pursuits of their former lucrative industry. Not but that the advertising columns of the *Times* are as yet free from the brave prospectuses of which two and three years ago we used to read half a score every morning. There are good reasons for this. Credit is by no means as easy to obtain now as it was in the palmy days when the manhood of England appeared to be divided into three classes—viz., directors of companies, *employés* of the same, and the share-taking public. We question whether there is within two miles of the Bank a single advertising agent who would embark a hundred pounds—to say nothing of the thousands which they used to risk on such ventures—in publishing the programme of a joint-stock concern, even on the chance of being repaid at the rate of two hundred per cent. if the undertaking "floated." And as it was upon the speculative propensities of these agents that the "promoters" relied in order to make their ideas first known to the world, the chief outlets for their poetic schemes are now closed against them. But to the bold all things are possible; and if the aid of advertising is denied him, the gallant promoter has still the means and the alternative of making his philanthropic wishes known by means of the private prospectus, printed at a comparatively very small cost, and sent through the post for the sum of one penny sterling. Formerly—two years or two years and a half ago—we were all more or less familiar with these printed missives, of which some half-dozen or so arrived with each morning's postal delivery. For a long time, however—and indeed until within the last fortnight—nothing whatever has been seen of these homilies on the art of becoming wealthy without labour and without capital. But now, with the return of business men and autumn fogs to London, they have once more made their appearance, and many of the promoting fraternity are in great hopes that ere Christmas comes round, their old familiar game of making money out of public credulity may be again in full force.

Nor do we believe that our old friends are altogether at fault

in their calculations. It is true that the ruin they effected during the great campaign of 1863-64 was too great and too general to be so easily forgotten; but so long as the world lasts we shall never want for fools who work out their own misfortunes. There are, no doubt, some individuals yet to be found who either did not suffer during the past two years from the plots of swindling designers, and others, who, having then lost money, have already forgotten the lessons they received. England is a wide country, and there are many nooks and corners where a well-written prospectus would command a certain degree of attention, and insure a certain amount of success. Moreover, fresh Anglo-Indians are ever returning home, and on these the "promoters" can always reckon for a supply of easy victims. When a man can write "Major-General" or "Colonel" before his name, or "late chief Collector of Customs at Bogglopore" after it, and particularly when he is known to be in the receipt of a comfortable pension for life, there is nothing that the "promoter"—who by the way has recently changed his designation to that of "Financial Agent"—will not do in order to obtain his co-operation in the formation of any bubble scheme he may have in contemplation. The retired Indian officer or civil servant is not only credulous, but, when he has been victimized, will make any monetary sacrifice rather than free himself from liabilities by means of the Bankruptcy Court. This is why the Financial Agent loves him so long as he has a £5 note left with which to pay a call. At the high noon-tide time of "promoting" company prosperity, some of the promoters had regular tariffs of the prices they paid such third parties as brought victims to their nets in the shape of directors with pecuniary means, respectable antecedents, and good addresses. In these lists of prices the Anglo-Indian always ranked very highly, because being almost invariably a highly honourable, a very easily-mystified, and exceedingly sanguine man, with little or no knowledge of the rascalities of our every-day "City" life, he was a most valuable acquisition to the fraternity, who fattened upon his credulity; and the history of some hundreds of impossible joint-stock schemes shows but too plainly the evil that may be effected when unbusinesslike men fall into the fangs of businesslike sharpers. Let us suppose that a country gentleman who has passed all his life in looking after his estate, a retired naval officer whose days have been passed at sea, and an Indian judge who has come home upon his well-earned pension, had each a little spare ready money, say a couple of thousand pounds apiece. Would any man in his senses advise them—or would they, not being maniacs, consent—to set up in business, say as coachbuilders? Is it likely that they would understand where, and how, and when, to purchase the best wood, the most durable leather, the most serviceable leather, and all at prices which would leave an ample margin for profits, for losses, for bad debts, and for changes in the fashionable fancies of the day? Or is it probable that they would know where the best labour could be procured, and what they ought to pay for it? Would they not have to leave the whole undertaking to subordinates whose interest must ever be either to deceive them, or to work the business so as to get it into their own hands? Or even, let us suppose, that they were able to get over these difficulties, would their respective nearest of kin not be fully justified in taking out a writ of *de lunatico* against them? And yet their folly would not be greater than that of seven-tenths of their own class in life have been guilty of during the last three years. From the commencement of the share-taking mania until the final crash came, military men, naval officers, barristers, solicitors, country gentlemen, doctors, clergymen, and retired Indians, rushed headlong into speculations of which they knew nothing, and as if a man of business was, like a poet, born, not made to his work. We have seen the name of a gallant officer—who had commanded his corps on many a hard-fought Eastern field—down as the director of two joint-stock banks, a finance company, three mining schemes, a rope and twine making concern, and an undertaking for improving the streets of a town in the south of France. Another individual, whose career had been chiefly passed in reading briefs and urging his client's causes at the common law bar, was on the direction of no less than twelve different undertakings—he had two board meetings to attend upon each working day of the week. A third gentleman, whose life had been entirely spent in the country until he was seized with the share-taking complaint, became, as if by the most natural process in the world, the chairman of a concern whose business was entirely that of foreign bill discounting and railway "financing." And yet these were amongst the honest men of the "directing" community. What the rogues were need hardly be pointed out. But in those days—as, we fear, is still far too much the case—the

most unbusinesslike individuals deemed themselves thoroughly alive to all business matters; and it is in this belief in unbusinesslike business that the chief danger of a return to past troubles, although on a smaller scale, consists.

Not but what shareholders—and we write only of the honest men amongst them—were quite as much to blame for the general misfortunes of the public, as the directors themselves. If individuals who wish to speculate would only reflect for a moment whether they understand the nature of the undertaking they wish to embark in, there would be fewer rash ventures and less speculative trouble in the world. If a proposed company is really safe, and has a legitimate prospect with a fair chance of success, there will be plenty of persons who understand the particular business glad to assist in its development. But the real object of ninety-nine out of every hundred undertakings put before the public during the last three years, has been simply to fill the pockets of the “promoters,” or “financial agents,” who brought the swindle into public notice. Subsequent mismanagement has no doubt done much to ruin shareholders, but in the vast majority of cases the directors themselves were as much gulled as the shareholders—often perhaps more so—and have generally been the greatest losers. The beginning of the evil has almost invariably been, that the prospectus was from first to last a huge lie, and that not wishing to believe they had been deceived, the directors have gone on plunging deeper and deeper at every step into the slough of insolvency. How many of the trim offices which two years ago were so resplendent in mahogany counters, brass rods, crisp curtains, splendid board-rooms, and newly-bound ledgers, are now to be found in the occupation of the same companies that then showed such a brave front, and had their shares quoted at such comfortable premiums? Almost universal bankruptcy seems to have been the fate of these concerns, which promised so many years of profitable existence. Where are the directors?—at Boulogne, or elsewhere, “out of the way.” The managers and secretaries?—looking out for other employment. The shareholders?—lamenting their folly, and trying to evade the payment of calls. Those who have really profited by the epidemic are the solicitors, barristers, accountants, and liquidators. For them there is still some flesh to be picked from the bones of nearly every carcass, and no one can accuse them of neglecting their opportunities.

Nor will it be the fault of the promoting fraternity if, between this time and next year's long vacation, another crop of victims is not ready to be legally devoured. They have commenced to plough the ground with “private and confidential” circulars, and, if favoured with a little sunshine in money matters, will very soon sow the seed of newspaper prospectuses. There is no lack of money in the country, and for investments of all kinds there is a greater demand than supply. It would need, with some persons, but a slight impetus to set the stone rolling once more in the direction of reckless speculation. The lesson the public has received in these matters was severe, but it is the greatest misfortunes which are often the soonest forgotten; and as gambling and betting are out of fashion with all “respectable” men, a general return to unbusinesslike business may not be so far off as many of us believe. We admit that those who would suffer by a new joint-stock company mania would have only themselves to blame, but this would not make their misfortunes less than if there had never been any exposure of business swindles. It is not only those who subscribed for shares that have suffered, but also their friends, relatives, creditors, and all depending upon them. No one can magnify the ill effects of the late mania, and no exertions to prevent a renewal of the evil can be superfluous. The only new undertaking we should like to see started would be one which collected every “private and confidential” prospectus, and published it to the world, with appropriate comments thereon. In a joint-stock company formed with this object in view, the most prudent men in England would become shareholders, and certain plain-clothes gentlemen, whose place of business is in Scotland-yard, would be the best directors. But if every recipient of these printed circulars were to send copies to the public papers, the “Prospectus Exposure Company, Limited,” need hardly be called into existence.

THE LAW OF SUICIDE.

Of all the statistics presented to us annually in the official returns, none are so distressing as those connected with self-murder. Although classed as criminals, suicides must be regarded in a different light from the rogues who gratify their ingenuity and often fill their pockets by housebreaking and forgery, or those who indulge a fiendish love of cruelty and

vengeance in extinguishing the lives of their fellow-creatures. Self-destroyers are, no doubt, in many, perhaps in most cases, very poor creatures indeed; but it is difficult to conceive any feelings save those of deep commiseration for the number of unfortunate beings, who every year find the burden of life so insupportable as to seek refuge from it by self-inflicted death. The solitariness, the eccentricity, the apparent irremediableness of the suicidal propensity, apart altogether from its terrible results, cannot but awaken a kind of tragic interest in this branch of crime. Another most remarkable feature about it is the uniformity in the numbers of those who every year commit the act. The last returns we have are those of 1864, when the number of known suicides was 1,340. Dr. Farr assures us that in the seven years, from 1853 to 1864, it has averaged sixty-six in every million of population, never varying more than 6 per cent. from that average. It certainly is most remarkable that in such a capricious, uncontrollable, and unanalyzable crime as suicide, such a steadiness of recurrence should exist; but this uniformity is a well-known fact, as Mr. Buckle some time ago noticed in the case of London, in which city alone it was calculated from official returns, between 1846 and 1850, that 240 persons on an average made away with themselves every year; and since that period it appears that the numbers of annual suicides have risen proportionately with the increase of the general population. Dr. Farr, indeed, does not hesitate to speak of the “iron regularity of the law of suicide.” Considering how recently these annual returns have begun to be kept, and how extremely difficult it is to arrive, in this case, accurately at the facts, the use of such a phrase, may, perhaps, be pronounced premature. However, what we do know for certain is startling enough to invite attention to the causes and occasions, the possible remedies and the popular estimate as to the guilt of suicide.

National temperament has unquestionably something to do with the greater or less frequency of this crime. In their ideas on this subject, as on most others, the East and West differ widely. An Oriental, generally speaking, thinks it the most natural thing in the world to put an end to his life as soon as he finds it troublesome: “it is easier,” they say, “to stand than to walk, to sit than to stand, to die than to live.” Even in the Western nations there would seem to be some influence exerted on the inclination to self-murder by physical temperament. We believe we are correct in stating that the proportion of suicides to population among the excitable, susceptible, pleasure-loving peoples of the south of Europe is far larger than among the more solid, phlegmatic, and patient races of Teutonic and Scandinavian blood. In France there is more self-destruction than in England. In a capital like Paris, where the greatest appetite for and indulgence of sensual gratification exists, together with perhaps the greatest amount of misery and despair, in any large European city, the frequency of suicide has often been made a subject of remark. But it requires no proof that any such peculiarities of temperament have far less to do with the occurrence of this crime than special and local circumstances acting on the ordinary disposition of mankind. Periods of famine and scarcity, with dearth of food and other forms of domestic distress, tend to make life intolerable to a large number of those who are always hovering on the brink of starvation. Seasons of commercial excitement and financial pressure exert a similar effect. In 1846, the year of the great railway panic, the suicides in London were more numerous than had ever been known before. We shall be curious to see whether the returns of the present year will be similarly affected by its commercial disasters and the wide-spread ruin that has befallen so many in consequence. Times of political revolution or even agitation are wont to disturb in a singular manner the law of self-preservation; in the frantic excitement of the great French Revolution, the victims of self-murder, even where no prospect of the guillotine could have acted as a motive, increased to an almost incredible number. It is a curious thing, however, that an exactly opposite condition of circumstances has before now been followed by the same result; the languor and dissatisfaction generated by political stagnation has made men put an end to their lives from sheer weariness of existence. At no period of Roman history was suicide so frequent as under the tranquil and beneficent sway of Trajan. “The fashion (says Mr. Merivale), for such it evidently became, was the result simply of satiety and weariness, and was by no means the resource of political indignation, chafing against its prison bars, which it has been so commonly represented.” Epochs of religious excitability are usually marked by the frequent occurrence of self-destruction. Nothing so completely overthrows the balance of a man's mind as the sudden presentation to it of scruples, anxieties, and alarms, as to the

destiny of the soul. The records are numerous of persons, not always the weakest or most susceptible by nature, who have found the only refuge from religious doubts and terrors in self-sought death. But the causes leading to this crime are infinite, and well deserving a more philosophical analysis and discussion at the hands of moralists and physiologists than any as yet bestowed upon them. Until the disease be thoroughly understood, it is vain to look for a remedy. As it is, philosophers like M. Comte deride the attempts that have been made by lawgivers to diminish suicide, as being impotent, intrusive, and unscientific. Where the tendency to this crime is so deep-seated as it is in the East, we can hardly wonder that our legislation has failed to prevent Hindoos from extinguishing the lives, which they prize so little, in the waters of the Ganges. But among the stirring and civilized races of the West, we do not see why efforts to repress self-murder should be given up as hopeless. Whether posthumous disgrace be of much avail in deterring others, may fairly be open to doubt. Bentham contends that the interference of legislators in this direction is met by the perjury of jurors, who do not hesitate to violate their oaths by declaring the suicide to be *non compos*. But even if legislation were to grow so tolerant as to respect what Gibbon calls "the natural right of a citizen to dispose of his life," it may still be for the advantage of the State as well as of good morals to remove as far as possible all such outward evils as may incline men to part with their lives. The repression of such fatal excitements as gambling and lotteries, the discouragement of drunkenness, the removal of causes leading to insanity, and tending generally to increase and aggravate social and individual distress, all such aims and efforts of legislation, if steadily maintained, would, as we believe, diminish the *occasions* of suicide, even if they fail to diminish the *tendency* to the crime itself. Life must be very intolerable before a man thinks of putting an end to it; and the more, consequently, that can be done, by laws or by any other means, to mitigate the worst miseries of existence, tends, so far, to lessen the external provocations to suicide as the last resource of suffering humanity.

But at the best, laws, we are willing to acknowledge, can do very little. The powers of this world have lost their dominion over him who is resolved on death; his arm can only be restrained by religious scruples and apprehensions. Modern citizens are not to be deterred by Aristotle's warning that they have no right to rob the State of the life which belongs to society, not to the individual; they will not stop to examine, with Seneca, whether their suffering has reached the exact point which makes suicide a natural remedy, not an ignominious cowardice. It is simply nowadays a question of belief or disbelief in an overruling Providence and in the existence of a future state. No motives less powerful than these will, under pressing circumstances, stay the hand from self-destruction; and it is the decay of these in a sceptical and somewhat irreligious age like our own which indisposes us to hope for any decrease of suicide arising from inward and conscientious checks. As long as a man chooses to contemplate his life as a possession of his own and not as a gift, loan, or trust from a personal and overruling Creator, it is idle to try and convince him that there is any guilt in terminating a life which he had no share in producing, and is under no responsibility of preserving longer than he finds it agreeable or convenient. Nature, he contends, did not give him the option of coming into existence; but she has given him the option of continuing it; in putting an end to a life rendered insupportable he is simply claiming a natural right and availing himself of a natural privilege. Plato knew and argued better than this when, in the "Phædo," he denounced suicide, on the ground of men being God's property (*κτήματα*), which none can be justified in destroying. The least believing among deists cannot refuse to see in self-murder the rebellion of the creature against his Maker, the defiance of the sovereign by his subject. But there are vast numbers who are sorely burdened by the evils of existence without having any comfort in the midst of them either from Christianity or philosophy, without, moreover, deriving from these any scruples that might hinder them from disposing of the life they find unendurable. If, accordingly, while Christian belief is becoming less steady and effective, any great convulsion should occur in the bosom of English or European society, one of the results which we should expect to see would be a great increase in the prevalence of suicide.

THE USES OF MINOR POETS.

NOTHING is more common than to hear it said: "Poetry must be first rate or it is nothing; minor poets are major

nuisances: the verses in magazines are but a grade above the poets' corner of a county paper. Such melody has no sweetness and no use. It is but a 'prostituted ream,' to use Byron's language in reference to Cottle's 'Alfred'; it

"May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks;"

but that is all it is good for." Now, with these sentiments we do not quite agree. In the social, as in the natural and scientific, world, all things are nicely graduated, without gaps or breaks. The minor poets fill a space necessary for the completeness of society. The music and colouring, the fragrance and flavour, of poetry are intended to temper all that is prosaic in the life of a large mass of mankind who are unable to appreciate the higher productions of genius. It often happens that nature has given the uneducated or ill-educated sufficient taste for poetry to throw a charm over their existence and excite in them the tenderest emotions. But the verse which thus affects them must be of a simple order—a ballad or a hymn, a snatch of border minstrelsy, or a rude melody innocent of choice language or subtlety of thought. Of such compositions it was said: "Give me the making of your popular ballads, and I care not who makes your laws." So remote is the highest order of poetry from ordinary comprehension that many years often pass before a great poet obtains his just meed of praise. Shelley and Tennyson endured a long period of neglect and contempt before the transcendent beauty of their writing was generally admitted. Wordsworth, with a sage's calm, saw his deep, true, delicate thoughts ridiculed as childish by critics who recognised them as poetry and philosophy in one when others had let them into the secret. Dante, it is true, rose at once into the meridian of his fame through the length and breadth of Italy; but there were peculiar circumstances which accounted for this apotheosis. Generally speaking, the poetry which is destined to live is not appreciated at its birth; it makes its merits known by force, and is immortal because it is not written for the day. Perhaps it would never be understood at all, and certainly not by the majority of readers, if it were not for the minor poets who dilute it and lead up to it. "He strides on so far before you, that he dwindles in the distance," said Coleridge in speaking of Wordsworth to his friend Mackintosh. It is thus with a truly original poet, his very greatness makes him appear small. Æschylus was exiled by his contemporaries, and he inscribed on his poems this indignant dedication—"To Time." Nor did he dedicate in vain. Time avenged him. After his death, Lycurgus decreed him a statue, and Athens raised it; rhapsodists chanted his verses in the festivals with branches of myrtle in their hands. Minor poets had taught the people his merits; they had imitated the Inimitable, and quaffed in their measure at the fountain of his inspiration.

In an elegant little poem called "The Flower," the author of "Enoch Arden" has described the process by which inferior poets disseminate the best poetry. He tells us what they have done with his. He cast a seed in the ground in a golden hour, and it sprang up the glory of his garden. Some called it a weed: some cursed him and his flower. By night, thieves stole the seed; they sowed it far and wide, till the cry of all the people was, "Splendid is the flower." Most can raise it now, for all have the seed. And why so? Because those minor poets—beneficent thieves—stole it, and scattered the precious dust abroad with every wind. One thief pilfers traits of character from Shakespeare, and another bits of epic grandeur from Milton. Spenser is rifled for allegory; Pope for point and polish. Mellifluous wisdom is fished from Cowper, and homely narrative in verse from Crabbe. The love of nature in detail is imbibed from the Lake poets; ideality from Shelley; the poetry of love from Moore, of passion from Byron; the metrical romance from Scott; and the resolute avoidance of commonplace from the Laureate himself. But the robbers are benefactors, extracting the several sweets to make honey for general use.

It is not merely, however, to minds of ordinary calibre that such social bees are of use. Their cells are often sought and prized by persons of the most refined understanding and by original poets themselves. Cowper was certainly not a poet of the highest order, yet he was at one time the most popular of English poets then living, and afforded pleasure to the liveliest intellects. Watts and Keble have taken deep hold of the public mind, though they linger midway on the slopes of Parnassus. Many a scholar and poet remembers their lines years after he has forgotten the finest passages of English classics. The proud Byron delighted in Falconer's "Shipwreck," and thought "The Island" the best poem he himself had written. Charles Lamb's admiration of Sir Philip Sidney

ran high, and Addison, no less than Ben Jonson, was a professed admirer of "Chevy Chase." Every poetaster has, it may be hoped, his circle of friends, who will read his verses because they are his, and, mediocre as they may be, some true and beautiful thoughts are sure to be found in them; and what are truisms and commonplaces to the learned come often with the power and freshness of revelations to less cultivated minds. Nothing tends more to give precision to a man's thoughts and ease to his diction than the habit of writing verses; and the medium poet, therefore, who is "nine months gone with a volume of odes" must not be considered useless to society. While improving himself, he is, in fact, doing good to others. Poetry is the mirror of the age in which it is written; it reflects the customs of the time, and the culture also. Hence the poems which in one generation are first-rate, would in another be second, and *vice versa*. We are far from thinking lightly of modern Magazine poetry. We discover in it great merit, striking thought, elegant versification. Mr. Mortimer Collins is sometimes exquisite; *Fraser's* verses are almost always well selected; the *Argosy* is freighted with gems; and *Blackwood* has many masterpieces of witty rhyme. Buchanan's "London Poems" are charming; Blanchard Jerrold is clever and touching; and Aubrey de Vere has outdone himself in his "Lines written on Shelley's House at Lerici." To suppose that such flowers are "born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air," is contrary to the law of nature which permits neither void nor loss. Even the gentle, musical mediocrity of Rosamond Hervey, in her "Duke Ernest and other Poems," is pleasing. It is Mrs. Hemans reproduced to a disadvantage; just as Pollock's "Course of Time" is a reproduction of Milton, and the dramas of Alfieri an imitation of Sophocles. We praise the old poets, but for the most part we do not read them. "The manner and the taste change," as Barry Cornwall says. "The armour and falchion of old give place to the new weapons of modern warfare; less weighty, but perhaps as trenchant." Thus the great poets of former days have a twofold immortality. They live in their own writings, and also in the verses of those who unconsciously imitate them by imbibing their ideas and catching their tone.

It is worthy of remark, also, that minor poets sometimes rise above themselves, and produce stanzas which perpetuate their fame. The most beautiful collection of poems by various authors ever made in this country is Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." But in looking through this little volume, and the four epochs into which it is divided, one cannot but be struck by the large number of poets on whose works the editor has drawn. They are no fewer than seventy-four, and of these many, very many, are of inferior order; yet all the poems selected are of the best description. They are not merely specimens of the writings of poets of different epochs, but each one has "a living interest for all time." Addison, Goldsmith, Chatterton, Wolfe, Hogg, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and William Cullen Bryant, were all, we suppose, second-rate poets; yet now and then they climbed the heights and sported on the crags,—

"Qua Parnassia rupes
Hinc atque hinc patula præpandit cornua fronte
Castaliæque sonans liquido pede labitur unda."

"When all Thy mercies, oh, my God," "The Hermit," "Resignation," "Lines on the Death of Sir John Moore," "Bird of the Wilderness," "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," "The Grasshopper and the Cricket," and "The Water-fowl," are all (in the order of the above names) monuments of the writers' poetical ability and usefulness to mankind. They are things of beauty, which are "a joy for ever" and whose "loveliness increases." They are not gems of Mr. Palgrave's selection, but every lover of poetry has in his own memory a "Golden Treasury" stored with such pieces.

It is not by first-rate poets that the love of verse has mainly been diffused and fostered in the United States. Longfellow, indeed, stands high, but feebler bards than he have watered the wastes of human life in America with streams from Helicon. Perhaps at this moment, if we could peer over the shoulder of every reader of poetry, we should find the largest number, though not, of course, the most highly-gifted and cultured, deriving pleasure, instruction, and refined feelings, not from immortal epics and divine tragedies, but from the humbler efforts of minor poets.

BARMAIDS.

THE barmaid is comparatively a modern institution. She has succeeded to the ancient "drawer," whose name is so suggestive of the Shakespearian time. It may, indeed, be said that

the barmaid has only come to perfection since the invention of steam-power as applicable to locomotion. The connection between the steam-engine and the beer-engine commenced at a railway terminus, and we are inclined to believe, arguing after the fashion of learned gentlemen who measure our advances to civilization by means of stone or iron ages, that the present type of barmaid is the result of the mechanical facilities for satisfying her customers. Formerly the ale was brought up by hand, or stooped for awkwardly to a bung-hole; now it comes at the inclination of an ornamental brass-work moved by a rounded arm. The service of the bar has latterly the appearance of a philanthropic recreation. The young ladies engaged in it smile a perpetual smile, and accept twopence with a scarcely conscious recognition of the till. Those at railway stations are of an order even above smiling. Serene in the consciousness of frizzled hair, and feeling that you are more or less at their mercy in reference to the train, they help you with a deliberation which you could better appreciate at any other moment. The railway barmaid is fearfully and wonderfully curled. How does she do it? How does she go to bed with it? Does she charge the directors for the labour spent over it, or is their barber retained on the line, and are his expenses under the several heads taken out of the travellers in the soup? Then, again, who ever saw a railway barmaid in the making? She comes to the work an adept; there is no 'prentice air about her, no *jeune* courtesy or bashfulness in the manner of not giving you a sandwich until the very last moment. She is not conversational like her sister at a West-end restaurant. This latter has her young men—her admirers. Barmaids' young men are of as various kinds as the barmaids, but possess certain features and tastes in common. The first qualification for a barmaid's young man is a power of standing, in the literal not in the slang term, for a long period, and of talking utter nonsense all the time. Certain natural provisions enable him to get through the second part of his duties with as much credit as may be compatible with our not taking him, on the whole, for a born idiot; and, with practice and his elbows, he contrives to keep an upright position for as many hours as will insure the accomplishment of the prime condition of his business. The dreary jokes, the chaff so redolent of a stale-tobacco mind, the inane chuckling, the gross attempts at fascination in which the quantity of cad is far beyond proportion to the modicum of gallantry, is a thing to observe for those who are curious in what constitutes the genuine lower orders of English life. There are, however, a certain set of fellows who fall into this groove, and who are quite of a different kind. In "The Three Clerks" we have some account of them, and among the Bohemians they are also to be discovered. These do not want brains, and exercise them amusingly enough even for the entertainment of their barmaid friends. The puzzled look of one of these ladies at a joke not over obvious indicates the kind of stone upon which their wits are sharpened. They never fail to see the fun of a wink, and even wearing a hat on the side of the head, and imbibing in an emphatic and knowing manner, may be accepted as a good thing, and much superior to a *bon-mot*.

A London barmaid varies with the district. The City barmaid differs from the West-centre barmaid, and the Haymarket species is peculiar to itself. The street of late suppers swarms with taverns, presiding over which is usually one abundant divinity, and several lesser graces. The sensation of hearing a wax-figure speak would, we imagine, have a chilling effect on the nerves. There is something more deathlike than death in wax; but for something as like death in life as possible—death of soul, that is garnished with a background which brings out its full ghastliness—see the painted mask which a Haymarket barmaid puts on for a face. It does splendidly for the calling. The barmaid is here an ornamental portion of the premises, quite as much so as the maple and the gilding. The full-blown Hebe is not unfrequently mistress of the establishment, and around her the regular customers are grouped. The practice of placing young country girls in a place of the kind is not unknown, and we may easily infer the character of the training they receive. A similar sacrifice to the spirit of the age is made at music-halls. Here the bars are attended by females who have either graduated in the Haymarket, or have come fresh from some rural quarter.

The mystery which is said to envelop the interment of tinkers and asses appears to enshroud the full career of a barmaid. At times she is lucky enough to entangle the landlord, and is then elevated to the dignity of wife, if that post is vacant; occasionally a waiter falls a victim to her airs, and lays his napkin at her feet; but the grand hit within her reach is to lay a customer by the heels. In London especially, there are a number of noodles without sufficient taste

or sense for proper female society, and yet with an undefined notion of dangle which brings them to stare at women who can be stared at with impunity, and to whom they can chatter without being laughed or frowned into silence. Ladies have a faculty—even without knowing it—a special gift of frightening one of these things to the verge of an imbecile confession of bashfulness. The noisiest bar roysterer, the most accomplished chaffer at the counter is generally dumb when brought face to face with a modest woman. Does it ever occur to him that he positively has to pay for being tolerated, and that he is regarded by his listener as the mere “typical development” of something to drink? It is from this class that the barmaid occasionally draws a husband, for with an affected knowledge of the world there is no more consummate donkey than your juvenile bar frequenter. The barmaid has in many cases the worst of the bargain, but in any event she can take good care of herself. She has no sentiment to be stifled, no fine feelings to be hurt, no delicate honour to shrink from the coarse humours of her partner. Then she is acquainted with an unfailing source of consolation and can keep her husband in countenance if he rehearses the manner of his courtship during the hours of matrimonial association. As a set-off to this picture, which is essentially of the town, we might turn to the barmaid of the country inn. If there are no bagmen in the way, you can even yet find in England some hotels in which a young lady presides at a bar whose manner adds a positive bouquet to Bass. There are few places so favoured however, and certainly not enough to redeem the calling from the taint of vulgarity and worse. It would be a strange study for a psychologist to endeavour to dissect and realize, or, better, to get within and speak or write out of, as Browning did of Caliban, the barmaid mind. Human nature appears to her measured by quarts. Why did not Mr. Tennyson do for her what he did for that plump attendant at the “Cock”? She, too, has her customers “returning like the pewit.” She hears politics and all else through a haze of beer; but, if there is truth in wine, may not the whole character of a man display itself when he is far gone in “half-and-half”? The kind of disposition nurtured upon maudlin compliments must be curious; and yet, probably, the barmaid, after a while, is blessed with that professional callousness which serves artists of a much higher occupation in lieu of an indifference founded upon superior motives. A dancer is not half the worse of her dancing that she seems to be to spectators who enjoy her performance, chiefly because they believe that she is. A barmaid apparently listening to questionable jests may only hear them as in the course of business, and may only smirk at them to lighten the pocket of the narrator. There may be barmaids unsoiled by their surroundings, though it is difficult to conceive virtue of such a Salamandrine complexion, for virtue in a barmaid is in constant danger of being scotched, if not killed. This, perhaps, is a cynical reflection upon them, but one so obvious that we could scarcely conclude without making it.

“DIAVOLA.”

For some days past, one of those peculiar advertisements which are framed so as to attract notice by their extraordinary length, or by the repetition of some prominent word, has appeared in the columns of the *Times*. The puff is neither that of a cheap jeweller, nor of a quack doctor; it is not even put forth by that unfortunate but disinterested member of society—the tradesman who is always prepared to make alarming sacrifices for the benefit of a discerning public. It is simply the announcement that a new novel is about to appear in the pages of a penny weekly paper, which may justly claim the honour of having for years past supplied our kitchens and workshop attics with a greater mass of a certain kind of literary romance than probably any other periodical of the same price and size. Following the method usually adopted in such cases, the advertisement starts on the first line with a single word—the ominous title of the work itself—“Diavola.” In the next line we are informed that the book has a second name, “Diavola; or, the Woman’s Battle.” We are then told that “Diavola” is “a new tale; and afterwards that “Diavola” is “by the author of ‘The Black Band’”—a statement which, owing to our very limited acquaintance with this class of literature, unfortunately does not help us much towards a foretaste of the intellectual treat which we may expect. Then follow a series of injunctions—all closely associated with the fair name of “Diavola,” and in connection with that popular magazine wherein our heroine is to make her *début*. We are directed to “see the *London Journal*,” to “order the *London Journal*,” not only once but at least a dozen times, to “get the

London Journal,” or, in more polite language, to “obtain the *London Journal*,” and in case any difficulties should be raised by a recalcitrant newsmonger, we are recommended to “demand the *London Journal*.” This, no doubt, will enable us to follow the next piece of advice, which is to “secure the *London Journal*,” after which it does not require any close reasoning to prove that we may “have the *London Journal*,” and, as a reward for our exertions, we may then proceed to “read the *London Journal*.” Indeed, those who hesitate to do so after seeing the advertisement in question lay themselves open to a charge of extraordinary apathy, for “Diavola” would appear to be not only “the newest of new tales,” the “best of new novels,” the “truest of modern romances,” and the “strongest (!) of good stories,” but has been actually written by “the greatest living romancist,” “the most brilliant story-writer,” and “the most amusing novelist” that this country has yet produced. Nor are the attractions of this remarkable book limited within a narrow range of appreciation among its readers. It is “a tale for the men,” and “a tale for the women,” “a tale for all lovers” (was there ever a *London Journal* story which *didn’t* depend for its interest on this gentle appeal to our softer sympathies?), “a tale for poor girls,” and “a tale for poor boys.” It is, moreover, emphatically “a tale for the workshop,” though how it is perused during the process of manual labour the advertiser does not condescend to explain. Finally, we are poetically reminded that no paltry considerations of social station need affect its sale. It is equally suited for “the cottage” and “the palace.” Yes; we can imagine the smile of manly pleasure which will pass over the features of honest Giles Chawbacon as he sits by the fireside spelling out to his eager children the thrilling incidents which will necessarily crowd the too eventful life of “Diavola.” And, if our imagination might presume to enter the royal precincts of the Balmoral Court, could we not picture the delight and edification of our youthful princes as they con over the pages of this (prospectively) brilliant epic?

The advertisement next assumes a tone which is half benevolent and half prophetic, but which contrives to let both prescience and philanthropy help to swell its trumpet notes. “Diavola”—so runs the puff—“will be the most greedily read of any novel or tale of modern times. An enormously increased demand is certain to attend its publication in the *LONDON JOURNAL*. To fairly meet the expected public craving for ‘Diavola’ on the day of issue, a large extra edition of each number will be printed off, and this addition to the ordinary circulation will be augmented in accordance with each week’s experience. Thus, the *London Journal* will not be allowed to run out of print upon any occasion, however great the weekly increase of demand may become. Under these circumstances the proprietor has a fair right to appeal to the trade not to delay deliveries to new readers, nor to be satisfied with less than the entire supply their new customers are likely to require. Every one able to read will take pleasure in the new tale, “Diavola;” and every one who has read that most thrilling of romances, “The Black Band,” will rejoice that its brilliant author has been induced to resume the pen and to join the staff of world-renowned writers whose best efforts adorn the columns of the *London Journal*, the best and cheapest weekly magazine. Price 1d.,” &c.

Now, when one remembers what an advertisement of this length, appearing, as it does, day after day, and occupying nearly the half of a column in the *Times*, must have cost those who inserted it, the conclusion may naturally be drawn that such advertisements are found to answer their purpose, and represent a considerable increase of profit even in the circulation of a penny paper. The marvel is how any “constant reader” of the *Times* (for it is to constant readers only that these advertisements are addressed) can be reckoned on as a subscriber to the *London Journal*. This seeming mystery can only be explained in one way, which opens to us a significant and, we fear, we must add, a very deplorable fact. In most private houses where the *Times* is taken in, it is at the service of the kitchen for full an hour before it is laid on the breakfast-table upstairs; and when the family have well scanned its contents, it generally finds its way, once more, to the lower regions. Claptrap, such as that which we have just quoted, is exactly calculated to attract the attention and excite the curiosity of women-servants, who have all the sentiment of their sex without the education necessary to direct its object. The humdrum life of daily labour which they lead—the practical, unromantic nature of their service, and the great gulf which too often separates them from all sympathy with the class by whom they are employed, make them sigh for a taste of what they, no doubt, conceive to be the poetical side of

human existence. They are well aware that their masters and mistresses are not always the cold, conventional creatures whom they see stepping into a carriage or lolling on a sofa. They feel assured that there must be moments when gentlefolks are moved by the same emotions, impulses, and weaknesses, which they recognise in characters of their own sphere, but which are necessarily checked, or obliterated, by the service they have entered. Treated as mere machines themselves, they feel a natural curiosity to know how their betters comport themselves under circumstances which their instinct tells them must occur in high life as well as in low. This craving the cheap sensation literature of the day is just fitted to satisfy. It is hardly necessary to say that it gives a false, foolish, and often vicious picture of the world. But it is a picture in which people are represented as of real flesh and blood, instead of in the semblance of the artificial nonentities too often reflected in a drawing-room mirror. Bursts of passion, trials of love, and freaks of fortune—the vices, the virtues, and all the varied incidents and situations which help to form the great drama of life, are here detailed, in a grossly perverted form it is true, but still detailed. Passages of cheap sentiment and convenient morality—stagy dialogues couched in pompous phrases which have long been abandoned to those who thrive on the memory of Grubstreet—descriptions of misused wealth and conscientious indigence are read with avidity by a class who are apt to think that when two people of different social position fall out, the fault is invariably on the side of those who fill the upper rank. But this is not the worst. Under a pretence of holding the mirror up to nature, scenes and sentiments are introduced either in themselves false and absurd, or derived from a phase of life which the uneducated are not likely to contemplate with advantage. “Diavola” has not yet appeared in print, but judging from a novel which is mentioned in the same advertisement, and which has reached its fiftieth chapter in the *London Journal*, we may know what to expect. The rival romance is “The Light of Love,” and here is the soliloquy of a young lady who figures in its pages, and “whose tender and sympathizing nature,” as the author himself informs us, “more than compensated for her few foibles” :—

“How very handsome he is! What lovely eyes he has! and how soft his lips are—how beautifully soft! He certainly is quite as handsome as the duke or Mr. St. Cross, or Lord Carlton Verwood, or Colonel the Honourable—[observe the accuracy with which the dear creature, even in thought, gives the full title of her admirer]—Colonel the Honourable Hawley Fitzfawleigh, or pretty Lionel Amethyst, or—oh! dear me, what a many handsome fellows there are floating around us. What a shame it is one cannot be like a Turk, and have all these handsome young fellows constantly fluttering at our elbows the whole day long, and sighing, and dying, and vowing that they love us more dearly than all the rest of the sex put together. Heigho! it is a shame!”

If this is the language of a lady in high rank, we can only say that we should regret to hear it uttered by the lips of a decent housemaid. If the Lady Evelyn Maule, a peer's daughter, sees no harm in expressing her wish to keep a harem of wooers, poor Betty and Sarah Jane may relax their sense of propriety to any policeman or footman whose beat is near the area, or who enjoys the opportunities of the rumble.

The composition of works like the coming “Diavola” is a trade which bears the same relation to literature that a “gaff” performance does to a genuine comedy. We do not include the artist in his picture. He may daub coarsely, because his admirers could understand nothing else; and the privilege of conferring peerages on his characters has been always the right of the romancist. He may be capable of better things, but he could not be capable of more ridiculous inventions. It is really pitiable to reflect upon the amount of silliness which must pervade certain classes when they accept literary pork-pies of this character, and devour them with a relish. At the same time it indicates an appetite which, if properly cultivated, would develop into an educational taste. Reading of any sort not positively immoral is an intellectual exercise, and a recreation more likely to be of an innocent character than the usual outdoor excursions of servantgalism. As a rule, “Black Bands” are more foolish than harmful, and “Diavolas” are not so diabolical as the title would indicate—indeed, we are disposed to believe that the Satanic intimation contained in the funny announcement to which we allude, goes no further than the “deyvelish sly” of Major Bagstock. Perhaps the name was suggested by that of the celebrated operatic “Fra,” from which it differs only by a letter; however, that we may leave to posterity, an address to which “Diavola” is pretty sure to descend, if we take for granted the modest prospectus of the advertiser who, having caught his author, is evidently determined to make no small beer of him.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE are grounds for hoping that the malady of the Empress of Mexico is not actual insanity, but the crisis of a nervous or hysterical state, induced by excitement, fatigue, and apprehension, and culminating in a violent altercation with the Pope, who, according to some accounts, treated her Majesty coldly, uttered bitter reproaches against her husband for irreligious conduct, and menaced him with Divine retribution. Other accounts say that Pio Nono was very forbearing, but that the Empress kept arguing with him on matters of ecclesiastical law, with a greater persistency than was respectful to the head of the Church, until at length his Holiness was obliged to reprove her. Certain it is that the Empress went to the Vatican three days in succession—on the second, remaining there the whole day and night, and insisting on having Cardinal Antonelli to sit up with her. The third day, she wished to inflict herself on the Pope, and it was nearly eleven o'clock at night before she could be got to her hotel. She fancied that people were in a league to poison her. The unhappy lady has since arrived at the Château of Miramar, accompanied by her brother, the Count of Flanders, and a Milanese physician. It appears that she expressed herself with peculiar violence against the French, whom she accused of being the authors of all the misfortunes of Mexico. This is charging upon them a little too much. The misfortunes of Mexico are mainly owing to a semi-barbarian and mongrel race having, by the revolution of nearly fifty years ago, been placed in a position for which only civilized races are fitted. But the embarrassments of Maximilian and his devoted but not very reasonable spouse are no doubt chargeable on that mischievous policy of intervention in the affairs of the Republic which the Emperor Napoleon inaugurated in the crisis of the American civil war, and which he seems even now to be only reluctantly abandoning.

WHILE Prussia proceeds on her successful way, and is probably contemplating the ultimate absorption of Saxony, Austria continues to move in a very eccentric and uncertain line. The increase of the army looks like an intention of renewing the war as soon as the needful preparations are made; but what can the Emperor hope to do against, not merely the hosts of Prussia, but the aroused national sentiment of Germany? In the meanwhile, he is going on a tour through Bohemia, where his reflections will hardly be cheerful, or his presence very reassuring; and when he comes back, and the negotiations with the Hungarian Diet have been brought to a conclusion, a Hungarian Ministry will be formed. We have been promised a reconciliation with Hungary until we have lost all hope. Yet without such a reconciliation the difficulties of Austria will be prolonged, and perhaps mortal.

It cannot now be doubted that the insurrection in Crete is not at an end. The Turks and the patriots divide the island between them—the former occupying the western part, and the latter the eastern. The Ottoman troops number, it is said, no fewer than 40,000; the blockade is being strengthened, and a Greek brig bringing war material for the Cretans has been captured. Yet very little progress has really been made towards suppressing the movement, and the Sultan is reported to have expressed dissatisfaction at the state of affairs. In all probability, the Cretans will be crushed, sooner or later; but such risings leave behind them dragons' teeth, which, in the ripeness of time, are found to spring up armed men. The Sultan, if he is wise, will conciliate as well as repress; for these are not times to play the old tricks of tyranny with subject nationalities.

THE King of Holland has got into a feud with his Parliament, and has dissolved it on the ground that government is impossible in conjunction with such perverse gentlemen. The cause of quarrel is the administration of the island of Java, with respect to which a difference of opinion exists between the Executive and the Legislature. A general election is accordingly about to take place, to determine on which side the nation is. This is certainly much better than if the King had gone “stumping” about the country, hysterically reviling his Parliament. In another matter his Majesty is likely to have the general support of the people. The Prussian Government has demanded—and it is believed in very peremptory fashion—that the Duchy of Luxembourg, which belongs to the Dutch crown, and in virtue of which the King

sat in the Frankfort Diet now suppressed, shall become a member of the new North German Confederation. The King emphatically refuses to comply, doubtless fearing the complications which such a position would entail.

SPAIN is disturbed, its finances, executive, administration, and domestic condition, being in utter confusion and disorder. Meanwhile, Queen Isabella, always alive to the wants and wishes of her subjects, publishes, through *La Gazette de Madrid*, the following decree:—"Henceforth the leaders and officers of all arms will always be in uniform, wear a sword, and the dress of their particular regiment." Queen Isabella spent some of her early years in barracks, and she is said to have still a liking for the military.

THAT Prussia is not only desirous of becoming a great naval Power, but has actually become one, is certain; but it is rather cool to find the *Opinion Nationale*, of Paris, deliberately suggesting to her to annex Holland, "regarded by all Germans as a branch of the old German throne." It is nonsense to speak of Holland as a part of Germany. The country has a distinct history of its own, and the people, though related to the Germans (as we ourselves are), cannot be considered as at all identical. "We must not forget to add," continues the French journal, "that Prussia, whose desire to possess colonies in the New World and in the Indian seas is well known, would, by absorbing Holland, the second colonial Power in the world, become mistress of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, and the Moluccas, a part of Guiana, and several of the Antillas, with a colonial population of 19,320,000 souls." Such an "absorption" would be mere brigandage, which no advantage to a nation could justify. The natural movement of peoples towards the formation of great States out of the disjointed members of one family, long kept apart by tyranny, by foreign intervention, by misrule, or by foolish jealousies, is in the highest degree commendable; but rapacity beyond one's own boundaries is quite another thing, and we have really no reason to suspect Prussia of the design imputed. The statements of the *Opinion Nationale* with respect to the merchant fleet of that country are, however, very noteworthy. "The commercial fleet of Prussia," it says, "consisted, only eighteen months ago, of 1,665 vessels, large and small, for the most part coasters; but this Power, having become mistress of all Northern Germany, is now invested with the protection of a merchant fleet of 10,202 vessels, belonging as follows:—Slesvig, 1,553; Holstein, 1,411; Hanover, 3,648; Oldenburg, 650; Mecklenburg (the two), 420; Hamburg, 530; Lubeck, 55; Bremen, 300; Prussia, 1,665: making a total of 10,202." Prussia is therefore now the second merchant naval Power in Europe—England, of course, being the first. We must look to our laurels—and our profits.

THE retirement of Sir James Knight Bruce can hardly be called a loss to the Court of Chancery. During the whole of the last legal year he has been unequal to the performance of his duties; and even before that time he had fallen into the habit of fulfilling them in a somewhat perfunctory manner. He would better have consulted his reputation had he withdrawn from the Bench while his powers were still undimmed and his capacity for work was yet undiminished. That he was at any time entitled to rank with the great men who have shed so much lustre upon this branch of our jurisprudence is an assertion that none but the most partial of his friends will venture to make. He was not an Eldon, a Lyndhurst, or a Cottenham, but his learning, although not profound, was considerable; he had a clear and firm grasp of the legal principles which he was called upon to apply, and if he wanted largeness and comprehensiveness of view, his acute and vigorous intellect seldom failed to seize upon the vital point of any case submitted to him. He was always lucid, and often exceedingly happy in his statement of facts; and his terse and pointed diction contrasted agreeably with the loose and lumbering phraseology, and the tedious circumlocutions of many of his brother judges. He had a quick sense of humour, and no slight powers of sarcasm, and although his employment of these gifts was often extremely disconcerting to the counsel who practised before him, it imparted unwonted liveliness to the habitual dullness of a court of equity. It should be added that, unlike some other judges, he did not practise his wit solely at the expense of the junior bar. Sir James Knight Bruce was wanting neither in courage nor generosity, and he loved to strike hardest at the most towering crests. The sharp collision which occurred between him and

Lord Westbury shortly before the elevation of the latter to the bench, will not be forgotten in professional circles, and it is no slight thing to say of the late judge that, in a combat of sarcasm with Sir R. Bethell, he was generally considered not to have come off second best. In his best days he was fairly entitled to be considered a strong judge; and it may be said, without flattery, that he always manifested a great desire to do substantial justice rather than become the mere administrator of technical rules. The appointment of his successor will give unusual satisfaction both to the Bar and the public, although a very general regret will be felt at the presumed cause of Sir H. Cairn's retirement from the Attorney-Generalship and the House of Commons. It must be a severe sacrifice for a man who held so exceptional a position as he had acquired in political life, to seek at a comparatively old age a calm judicial retreat. But no doubt he has chosen wisely, and, after all, the great prize of the Woolsack is yet before him. He will enter upon the performance of his new duties under circumstances both flattering and trying. For while he will at the very outset command complete confidence, he will also excite corresponding expectations. He will be tried by nothing short of the highest standard of judicial excellence; and few who have watched him throughout his brilliant career can entertain any doubt that he will fully come up to it. By the appointment of Mr. Rolt as Solicitor-General the Government will satisfy party claims and will acquire the services of a hardworking and useful Chancery lawyer. They will not, however, derive much assistance from him in the House of Commons, where he is as ineffective as lawyers who enter that assembly late in life generally are.

THERE has been another trade outrage—this time at Nottingham—arising out of a strike in the building trades of that town. The masters have brought workmen from various parts of the country, and a Mr. Dalton, who keeps an eating-house in Parliament-street, has had the misfortune to be patronized by some of these importations, who have put up at his house. The offence of the masters in employing them was of course nothing to that of the man who undertook to board and lodge them. So, on Monday night, a crowd of unionists assembled round Dalton's house, and presently three fellows, with their faces blackened, went in, and, under pretence of asking for soup, forced their way into the back kitchen, and brutally attacked the immigrant workmen, one of whom lies in the hospital in a critical state, while others were seriously injured. These outrages came at an unlucky time, and will be interpreted by the enemies of Reform into a severe comment on the claims of the working classes to the franchise. The Sheffield operatives and employers have taken measures to show how much they condemn the attempt to murder Fearneyhough and his family. But the secretary of the Sawgrinders' Union, in a letter to the *Sheffield Independent*, suggests a doubt how far the indignation with which the sawgrinders regard that outrage is sincere. He characterizes it as "foolishly insane and wicked," but he feels compelled to be equally explicit in condemning the conduct of such men as Fearneyhough and their class. "Next to the perpetrators themselves," he writes, "I abhor their conduct. They cause these outrages to take place by what I conceive to be their disreputable proceedings." The opinions of the secretary of the sawgrinders are, in all probability, fashioned upon those of the body whose official representative he is. If that is so, then it would appear that the sawgrinders of Sheffield detest the crime of assassination, but consider it the natural result of secession from their union.

As Bethnal Green has never been able to deal gently with its poor in life, it would be too much to expect it to be scrupulously careful of them when they are dead. Still the task of burial might be performed a little more decently than it is. It has been brought to the knowledge of the guardians this week, that their contractor for burials on one occasion conveyed no less than nine bodies to the cemetery in one vehicle. The contractor himself admitted the charge, and said that there were "three grownns," two children, and two still-borns underneath, and "two grownns" under the driver's box. The cholera was then about, he said, as it "was very close quarters." He took twenty-two bodies to the cemetery on that day. This was pretty well; but the mother of the two children, who were underneath with the "three grownns," stated that when they got to the cemetery no funeral service of any kind was performed. This statement the contractor again confirmed. The reason was, he said, that the chaplain was not there—a very sufficient reason; but why wasn't the chaplain there? There

was a clerk, he said, who officiated at times, but sometimes he refused; and on the day in question he said that he would not do it for him, the contractor, nor for any one else. This is intelligible. If the chaplain who is paid for reading the service won't do it, why should the clerk who is not paid? It appears, however, that the contractor, in confirming the woman's statement, was only attempting to shield himself, for the secretary of the Cemetery Company writes to a contemporary, and says: "Our chaplain is invariably in attendance whenever his services are required—that is to say, daily—and his absence at the particular time referred to was certainly no fault of his or of the managers of the cemetery." Whoever is in fault, such a way of burying the dead is scandalous, even though they are only paupers.

THE lunatic asylum of Dr. Paul, at Peckham, sent forth one of its inmates the other day to tell rather a strange story of the administration of our insanity laws. A soldier of the 16th Foot, named Grace, gets into trouble, bringing with it eighteen months' imprisonment. When he has completed thirteen months of his sentence, his mind gives way, and he is intrusted to the care of Dr. Paul. Eleven months in the establishment of that gentleman has so good an effect upon him that he manages to escape, obtains employment in the country, and for four months conducts himself like most sane people. He is then arrested by the police as a deserter, and restored to the asylum, where he is locked up and treated as a lunatic, but time after time promised his discharge. The Commissioners in Lunacy visited the place and saw him, but did not seem to pay much attention. This narrative the soldier gives to the public through a police magistrate, having escaped from his place of confinement, that he may make his disclosures, and it is confirmed by a gentleman from the asylum, who admits that the release of Grace only awaits the order of the Home Secretary. It is gratifying to see that a sane man can get out of a lunatic asylum with the ease which seems to have attended the movements of Grace, but we should like to know whether the same facilities are afforded to really mad people, and whether the Visitors in Lunacy conscientiously discharge their duties, or, like many other officials, go their rounds "without paying much attention."

THE days—or the nights rather—when a scooped turnip, a candle, and a white sheet would drive people into fits, are being revived towards Bathampton, near Bath. Mr. Rhodes, the vicar, walked the churchyard after dying. Several witnesses saw him, and the sexton, probably in order to dissipate any report of sulphur, mentioned that the reverend gentleman wore a crown of glory and a trumpet during his nocturnal visitations. The matter looked so serious that the parishioners, with a proper view to the fitness of things, sent for the police, who accordingly came and captured a large white owl. Mr. Rhodes was, we learn, "far above the average of country clergymen," but the feat attributed to him on this occasion by his intelligent congregation did not certainly speak much for the practical influence of his teaching.

THE statue in Leicester-square, to which we alluded some time ago, has been now furnished with a foolscap and a sweeping brush, while the horse has been painted piebald. Will Mr. Ruskin see in this desecration of our public monuments a sign for good or evil? The irreverent artist who has touched up the effigy is evidently an Englishman, and not one of the foreign inhabitants of the quarter. There was a native sense of humour in the style of hat in which the figure was invested.

THERE is bad news again from Mont Blanc. On the morning of Friday week, Captain Arkwright and his sister, Simond Michel (guide), and two porters left Chamounix for the Grand Mulets. On Saturday morning they started from the Grand Mulets, leaving Miss Arkwright behind them; and were joined by Silven Gouttet, who keeps the hut at the Grand Mulets, and a coachman from the Hôtel Royal. These two were roped by themselves—Captain Arkwright, the guide, and porters being united by a separate rope. Both parties reached and crossed the grand plateau in safety; but as they were passing the Ancien Passage a terrible sound was heard. Gouttet knew what it meant and whence it came; shouted to the others to save themselves, and dragged the coachman, who was tied to him, down a snow slope, breaking the bridge of his nose, but saving his life and that of his companion. Captain Arkwright and those roped with him scrambled in the opposite direction,

and were swept away by the avalanche. It seems doubtful, from the nature of the place where the accident occurred, whether the bodies can be recovered.

WE are called upon to rescue the remains of four of our Plantagenet monarchs from foreign sepulture. Mr. Thomas Milner writes to the *Times* to give some particulars of the monuments of Henry II. and his Queen, of Richard I., and of Isabella d'Angoulême, the Queen of John, which are to be seen to this day at Fontevrault, in the department of Maine-et-Loire. Fontevrault Abbey, it seems, "was the burial-place of the old Earls of Anjou, one of whom, being the lineal representative of the Norman Conqueror, ascended the throne of England as Henry II., and founded the Royal line of the Plantagenets." The two Kings and two Queens alluded to, having died in France, were buried at Fontevrault, and here their remains lay in peace until the fiery days of the Revolution, when the tombs were violated, and the effigies mutilated and displaced. The monastery—which, in the middle ages, had been a place of great consequence—was at the same time suppressed, and the old buildings were turned into a prison. Stothard, the artist, visited the spot after the close of the continental war, and found the monuments "huddled together in a kind of cellar, which the prisoners visited twice a day, to draw water from a well." Drawings were taken of the figures, and these were engraved in Stothard's "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain." The artist also brought the matter under the notice of the French Government, which caused the removal of the statues to the convict chapel, where they now are. Mr. Milner suggested, as long ago as 1840, when our Government permitted the removal of the remains of Napoleon to France, that a counter request should be made to the French Government for the rendition of these old effigies. There is no doubt it would have been granted; there is no doubt it would be granted now. The Royal personages whose lineaments are thus preserved, belong much more to English than to French history. They were all crowned at Westminster; and at Westminster we hope ere long to see the venerable monuments by which they have been commemorated.

ENGLAND is building her hopes on Mr. Snider's invention for the conversion of her Enfield rifles into breechloaders, and Lord Malmesbury has comforted us by the news that 100,000 of them will be ready early next year. This is good news. But how about the inventor? He offered his invention to the Government seven years ago, and their first act of patronage was to bring an action against him to recover £1. 1s. 2d. for the powder and bullets used in testing it. Then, when they had satisfied themselves that his plan was a good one, and when they had adopted it extensively, they cut down his claim for expenditure, services, and invention, from £2,700, at which he had stated it, to £1,000. Mr. Snider, being only an inventor, was in pecuniary difficulties, took the reduced sum, and divided it amongst his creditors. And now, while England is comforting herself with the assurance that she has nothing to fear from needle guns, Mr. Snider, according to a statement in the *Engineer* of last month, is lying helpless and paralyzed, though his invention is being utilized as fast as possible. To call such conduct "shabby" is absurd: it is infamous.

HER MAJESTY has opened the waterworks at Aberdeen, on which occasion she spoke in public, in her official capacity, for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort. Aberdeen is about thirty miles from Balmoral, and the Queen was on the ground by twelve o'clock. In the few words which she uttered in reply to the address of the Lord Provost, she said:—"I have felt that, at a time when the attention of the country has been so anxiously directed to the state of the public health, it was right that I should make an exertion to testify my sense of the importance of a work so well calculated as this to promote the health and comfort of your ancient city." We are of course all delighted to see her Majesty once more resuming the active functions of her high office; but we must be permitted to doubt whether it was quite in good taste to talk of "making an exertion" on so slight an occasion, and whether this graciousness to Scotland is not in rather too violent contrast to the coldness which has been shown towards various English towns at no very distant date.

UNFETTERED commerce is so very frequently taken to mean unrestrained robbery, that we plead guilty to a secret wish that

the British tradesman were a little less free, and a trifle more honest. A fortnight since, we had several samples of the knock-out practices, and this week presents us with one of those numerous cases which display the activity of that other nuisance, the mock auction. One of these establishments, at 180, High-street, Borough, presided over by William Doyle, was the scene of a very nice attempt at extortion a few days since. A poor woman enters the place to purchase a tablecloth which she saw hanging in the window, and which the man at the door informed her she could have cheap. Once inside, she becomes the involuntary purchaser of a white-metal tea-service, knocked down to her without a bid for £2. 10s., and she is bullied and frightened into paying 10s. deposit. Upon returning afterwards for her money, she can only get 5s. back and finds herself trundled into the street. Doyle is then summoned for the assault, and willingly returns the other 5s., and as willingly pays a fine of 20s. which was inflicted upon with an alternative of ten days' imprisonment. It is rather odd to hear the magistrate publicly announce that the place was a den of swindlers and then let Doyle go about his business upon payment of 20s. If the law gives these fellows a *carte blanche* to cheat people who are not quite so knowing or so dishonest as themselves, why are the public to have no protection? A policeman stationed at the door of the mock-auction shop, and warning customers of the nature of the business done within, would soon very materially reduce the profits of the concern.

NEXT to an herbalist of ordinary courage, we know no class more to be feared than the manufacturer of universal medicines, who ventures beyond the safe groove of bread crumbs and calomel. One of these medicines, "Cox's Celebrated Mixture," appears likely to be much more celebrated than Cox will desire. A little girl falls ill, and is supposed by her friends to be suffering from an attack of cholera. They administer six teaspoonfuls of the medicine, and the child dies next morning, poisoned by the doses. We leave the poor to doctor themselves, and, aided by Cox, this is the way they set about it.

A LAD was knocked on the head by a foot-pad at Harrow this week and robbed, and his father proceeded to the police office in order to obtain assistance. The door was opened by a woman with a baby, and the Force subsequently appeared in his shirt-sleeves, rubbing his eyes, and protesting he had just been through every suspicious quarter in the neighbourhood. It appears that the district is under the guardianship of one constable.

THE championship of the Seine was carried off by a young Englishman named Gesling. The race took place between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont de Jena, under the direction of the Sport Nautique de la Seine Society. It would be too bad if our neighbours could beat us in our own element, and we are glad to perceive that Mr. Gesling has taken several prizes at French regattas during the season.

MR. BRIGHT, in his speech at Leeds, made a telling hit at two noble families who had taken an active part in the Brecon election. He had been told, he said, that they came in with the Conqueror, and that, as far as he knew, was the only thing they ever did. This, no doubt, was true as far as Mr. Bright's knowledge went. But it turns out that the two peers in question hardly meet his description of them. Lord Tredegar, one of them, owes his patent of nobility not to the Conqueror, but to Lord Derby; and with regard to the other, the Marquis Camden, it cannot be said that his family has not made its mark in the history of England. The name of Charles Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, is one of which we should have thought Mr. Bright might have heard something.

A RUMOUR prevails in Dublin that Mr. Butt, Q.C., has gone over to the Church of Rome. Mr. Butt exhibited very strong liberal views in his "History of Italy," a work which has scarcely received as much attention as it deserves. He is the author of several political pamphlets, and of "Tales of College Life," which were published a few years since with a very curious preface. The preface indicated a strange morbidity of disposition, such as might precede a change like that now spoken of. Mr. Butt was once a great favourite with the late Archbishop Whately, and held a Professorship of Political Economy established by his Grace in Trinity College. He was the Fenian advocate, and it was reported that before the close

of his Parliamentary career it was proposed by the late Government to appoint him to an office under the Crown, but that the ex-Chancellor so violently protested against it that the notion was abandoned.

SOME of the French journals are getting funny over the war-like articles which have recently appeared in the *Times*. We are described as "being bitten by a martial bee," as "blowing a war trumpet," "rattling a thunder of threats," "shaking our money coffers derisively," and doing several other things which suit for points and figures of rhetoric. It is all, write those sapient politicians, on account of our dread of Mr. Bright. We want to be distracted from the ballot-box question, we dread the working classes, and our *Times*, to divert us, becomes bellicose over Continental perplexities.

It has pleased the editor of the *Gazette de Lausanne* to publish a letter from his Paris correspondent, in which there is a passage containing very serious imputations against the private life of Queen Victoria. Paris correspondents, like most other correspondents, are fond of scandal, not so much for their own personal consumption as for that of their readers. Now, a scandal gains spiciness according to the previous virtue of the person of whom it is told, and any reflections on a lady of her Majesty's character would be sure to attract readers, and to sell the journal in which they appeared. But who would believe them? Unfortunately, Mr. Harris, the English Minister at Berne, has thought fit to make the lucubrations of the *Lausanne Gazette* the subject of indignant representation to the Federal Council, and of proceedings against the editor for false and scandalous libel. We are glad to find that the editor has since contradicted and apologized for the libel, and that further proceedings are abandoned. To notice such calumnies, proceeding from such a quarter, was giving weight to what was simply contemptible, and was, on Mr. Harris's part, a natural but still an unquestionable blunder.

HERE is an instance of merit unrecognised:—

"WANTED, a CHANCE, by a Married Gentleman, who is qualified for a superior or subordinate situation, who can keep a set of books by double entry with any one, write a leader on any given subject, act as an efficient secretary to an individual or a company, fill any general office with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers, require confidence and kindness with energetic, faithful, and devoted service; and who, in short, wants little but what he here advertises for—a chance.—Address, Nil Desperandum."

A man whose sphere of usefulness extends from leader-writing to book-keeping, is justified in never despairing. This gentleman appears to possess almost as many accomplishments as are required for a daily governess, or a candidate for a post in a naval dockyard. Although sensible of the injury we are likely to inflict upon the world of letters by the advice, we must express our hope that "Nil Desperandum" may have an opportunity of requiting confidence and kindness by energetic, faithful, and devoted service in a subordinate rather than in a superior capacity. For a beginning we may recommend boot-cleaning or match-selling as honest callings calculated to lead to greatness. We have no doubt that shoeblacks frequently, like the French soldier and the baton, carry lord mayors' carriages in their blacking-boxes. Should the public, however, be favoured with "Nil Desperandum's" leaders upon any subject, we only hope that, like Artemus Ward's essay, they may be read in other towns.

THE case of Captain Jervis would appear, by the latest Indian accounts, to have advanced from pickles to pugilism:—

"Captain Jervis and Mr. Plowden, the Commander-in-Chief's advocate, had an altercation in the Civil Court at Simla, in which Mr. Plowden raised his whip, and said he would knock Captain Jervis down as soon as look at him. Captain Jervis shook the advocate, and called upon him to retract, when Mr. Plowden cried out that he retracted under violence."

There is something essentially lawyer-like in the Advocate's peccavi; he makes it under protest, and, fortified by his own legal opinion as to the effects of duress, evidently regards it as worthless. We fancy compulsion must have for Mr. Plowden a meaning not unlike that which "confidence" presented to the mind of the elder Mr. Weller, who excused a swearing Lord Chancellor "because he damned himself in confidence."

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE is once more in full life, and is rapidly settling down into the work of the Term. Not that there has been much absence of life or work during the summer and early autumn. Every year the vacations are more and more encroached upon, and the town is seldom free from the presence of the University. Increasing numbers of undergraduates occupy the colleges during the long vacation, with a sparse scattering of disciplinary Fellows; and no sooner are the months of July and August over, and the summer reading-men gone, than candidates for the Theological examination come up to cram the requisite amount of divinity for a pass, and "featherless bipeds" flock to the various resident sources of inspiration for a supply of essence of knowledge to carry them through the *post mortem* little-go. These two examinations alone brought about three hundred men up this year, and as the honour questionists also come somewhat prematurely at the commencement of the October Term, the streets and quadrangles have been by no means empty for some time past.

Many changes greet those who have been absent since the work of the University professedly came to an end in June. The chapel of St. John's begins now to show itself much more completely than it did four months ago. The roof of the body of the chapel is up, with its tasteful cross and its long lines of pinnacles and parapets. The roof of the organ-chamber, an effective feature, is almost completed, and the massive tower, which is to take the place of the spire originally intended to crown the intersection of the chancel with the transepts, is suggestively indicated by the commencement of its walls, now as high as the roof of the chancel. The transepts also are in a very forward state, and if the weather allows the work to proceed as it is now doing, a short time will give a good idea of what the general effect will really be—a much-disputed question. In the opinion of many persons qualified to form a sound judgment, Mr. Hoare's generous offer of funds to build a tower has tempted the society into error, and the graceful spire which was to have soared high above everything far and near is resigned with great regret. It is now, too, more evident than it was before, that the effect of the richly-decorated and lofty apse, abutting upon a narrow street, is not satisfactory. Viewed from the round church (the Holy Sepulchre), the proportions of the chapel can be properly seen, but from the other side, its magnitude, as compared with the surrounding space, calls to mind the wisdom of the Elector, who confessed that he had "no cage for so big a bird" as his foe the Emperor, and therefore let him go. The hall of St. John's is in the state in which it was left at the commencement of the vacation, the panelling of the portion newly added to its length being not yet completed. While St. John's enlarges the borders of its dining-hall, without indulging in undue lavishness of decoration therein, and spends an earl's income upon the erection of a chapel which will hereafter be one of the great features of the University, the neighbouring college, Trinity, devotes its undivided energies to the former of those necessary adjuncts or elements of a college, its dining-hall. That exquisitely-proportioned hall has hitherto been, if it may be said with reverence, decidedly dingy in appearance, with all its grandeur of size and association. But now there are few buildings, old or new, in the kingdom that shine internally more gay and glorious in blue and gold than the metamorphosed hall of Trinity. A roof uniformly coloured with a rich blue, effectively picked out by principals, and purlins, and rafters, and braces of natural oak; profuse gold lining the oaken walls almost to excess; a dozen gaseliers—that unpageant-like word—of polished brass, carrying each an armament of four-and-twenty lights; the faces of men noble in art, and science, and rank—inherited or acquired—looking down from freshly-gilded frames and renovated canvas; the Fellows' tables surrounded by chairs resplendent with green morocco and gold-embazoned arms and legend; all these brilliant decorations combine to present a very startling *coup d'œil* as one passes through the screens, and finds the door of the hall accidentally standing open. In connection with Trinity an immense building work is now in rapid progress, but it is understood to be due entirely to the loyal munificence of the late master, and so can scarcely be called an effort of the college. The completion of the Master's Court, which is to extend from Trinity-street to Sidney-street, along the whole length of All Saints' Passage, is at length actually going on, and already the new buildings have risen to the height of one story. It will always be a matter of regret that the confined position of these buildings will prevent their having so good an architectural effect as they would evidently have had had they been less smothered. The removal of All Saints' Church

has been a fortunate thing so far as affording some sort of view of their face is concerned; but the parishioners have erected a sad eyesore in the shape of a brick hovel for the reception of the old mural tablets, &c., in the centre of the newly-cleared space. It seems scarcely possible that this miserable little piece of parochial architecture is to remain, or can be devoted to the purpose for which it is supposed to have been put in its present position; but there was some rather angry correspondence on the subject early in the summer, before any receptacle for the tablets had been planned, and a squabble of that kind develops any amount of Vandalism. It is to be hoped that some graceful little home for the reception of such memorials as the walls of the old All Saints' Church preserved—Kirke White's among the number—may rise on this open space, such as will be in keeping with the architectural surroundings, the gateways of Trinity and St. John's, the eastern extremities of their respective chapels, and now the new and vast impersonation of the liberality of Dr. Whewell. At each end of the King's-parade new buildings strike the eye; the one being the south side of the library quadrangle, the other, equally collegiate in appearance, the London and County Bank. This latter building will make it more than ever necessary to abolish the quaint old house, with its interesting memories, which breaks the line of buildings at the south end of the Screen of Kings; and when that is done, the effect of the whole long range will be remarkably good.

There have been other changes during the summer, and more than one of a painful description. The Professorial Chair of Moral Philosophy is vacant, and the clear-cut profile and gentle eye of Professor Grote will be seen among us no more. His kind heart and thoughtful mind will cause his loss to be long and deeply felt by the small circle to which he confined himself, and those who knew him best know that he was a man who might have occupied a position of great and general influence if his retiring character had not deterred him from putting himself in a more prominent place than he cared for. Mr. Grote's successor is to be elected towards the end of this month, and a grace to raise the income from about £130 to £300 will be previously voted upon by the Senate. It is understood that the decision at which the Senate may arrive will seriously affect the number and quality of the candidates for the Professorship. The foundation is due to Dr. Knightbridge, of St. Peter's College, who left funds for his new Professorship about two hundred years ago. While we are thus called upon to lament the loss of one of the oldest of our resident body, the ranks of the younger members have lost one who would in all human probability have been, had he lived, an ornament to the University. The sad accident at the very summit of Mont Blanc is fresh in every one's mind, and it is rendered more lamentable by the fact that Mr. Young, who perished there among the everlasting snows, was a man of great promise, one of several like-minded brothers. Alpine disasters have fallen heavily upon Cambridge. Last year Mr. Hudson of St. John's, Lord Francis Douglas of Magdalene, Mr. Wilson of Trinity; this year, Mr. Young of King's. And to go a few years further back, the death of Archdeacon Hardwick, of St. Catharine's, on the cruel slopes of rock among the Pyrenees, is not yet forgotten. It is remarkable, that of the four accidents in which these five valuable lives were lost, three took place when no guide was employed, and two when no human eye was near to see the fall. Cambridge has suffered another loss in the death of John Mason Neale, Doctor Neale everywhere but in his own University. No man could have less in common with the traditions of his University than the late Warden of Sackville College; for Cambridge is not, and never has been, an enthusiast in such matters as delighted the soul of Dr. Neale, but we cannot afford to be regardless of a man who carried off the Seatonian Prize for sacred poetry more often than any one on record, excepting Mr. J. E. Hankinson, of Corpus. It is said that on one occasion after the prize poem had been selected, the examiners found that there was another of such merit as to deserve a special second prize. On opening the envelopes answering to these two poems, they discovered that both were Neale's—he had sent in two poems on the same subject. No notices have as yet appeared respecting the election of a Regius Professor of Greek, so it is to be supposed that the reported resignation of the Master of Trinity has not taken place. It seems to be understood that Mr. Thompson will resign before long, and though the loss of his Greek lectures will be exceedingly regretted by those who are capable of appreciating his power and delicate touch, the general feeling of the University will no doubt be that the new Master has acted wisely in not continuing to fill two places of such great importance and responsibility as those he is now for a while holding simul-

taneously. Enough has been said here, as well as elsewhere, on the case of the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dean of Lincoln, with some *etceteras* into the bargain, to make it clear that twofold and threefold dignities and emoluments are held to be of the nature of anachronisms even in the "sleepy quadrangles" of Cambridge.

The entries at the various colleges, so far as they have yet been announced, are larger than ever. Caius, which fell so strangely in numbers at the time when Mr. Clayton resigned the tutorship, and by his resignation ruptured the evangelical connection of that college, has happily sprung once more into pristine vigour under its new tutor. Trinity allows itself more than its wonted limit of 150, for 162 freshmen are to endeavour to pass its entrance examination. This term is to see several important discussions and struggles in the University, and a pamphlet by Mr. Luard, which has just appeared, comes at a seasonable time. As it will no doubt excite some controversy, though the natural attitude of sensible men would seem to be hearty acquiescence in almost all that Mr. Luard says, and as this letter has already exceeded its due limits, the Registry's pamphlet must be deferred, with other interesting matter.

The discussion on changes in the Classical Tripos Examination, which commenced early in the year, has been renewed with considerable vigour, and something will certainly be done before long.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE new violinist, Herr Wilhelmj, who made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday last, is a player of the very highest order—indeed, such marvellous mechanical power, faultless execution, and perfect intonation have, perhaps, scarcely been heard since Paganini, one of whose concertos the new comer played on this occasion. The work, although not comparable to the two great concertos by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, or the many classical works of the kind by Spohr, is yet very far superior to the generality of such pieces written by great players for the exhibition of their own peculiar powers of execution. There is a certain freakish grace, with an occasional approach to grandeur of style—combined with orchestral effects, as Berlioz justly characterizes them, "brilliant and energetic without being noisy"—which give to the violin concertos of Paganini a speciality of their own. The enormous difficulties of the solo part, however, are such as to render their performance very rare. If Herr Wilhelmj should hereafter prove himself as great in the interpretation of the classical masters as he was successful in his performance of the concerto of Paganini we shall have to hail the appearance of a violinist of transcendent merit. His tone is powerful, yet rich and sweet; his bowing vigorous, yet graceful and elastic; his execution of rapid passages of double stops in thirds, octaves, and tenths, as well as in harmonic notes, nothing short of marvellous for its accuracy and perfect intonation. He has also a breadth and grandeur of style, with delicacy and grace of expression, which seem to denote a taste as refined as his mechanism is finished. We shall shortly have an opportunity of hearing this great player at the Monday Popular Concerts in some of the quartets or quintets of the great masters, when his powers of interpreting classical music will be tested. The concert of Saturday last had other points of interest—such a performance of the last (saltarello) movement of Mendelssohn's Italian symphony it has never been our good fortune to hear. The whole work was admirably played, but the last movement was given with an impetuosity of speed, yet with a crisp distinctness of utterance, that we could scarcely have hoped to hear realized. This movement is one which can scarcely be played too fast, so long as clearness in the passages and the rhythm is preserved. Another interesting feature was a suite of Waltzes by Gounod—one of them, if we mistake not, being from his opera "La Reine de Saba." Although possessing no very marked character of originality, they are, like most of its composer's music, graceful and refined, and effectively scored for the orchestra. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was the principal vocalist, her chief performance being the air with variations from the "Crown Diamonds," which she has scarcely ever sung with greater brilliancy and refinement. The other vocal pieces consisted chiefly of part music, sung by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, including Bishop's "Blow Gentle Gales," a piece of dramatic music which sounds tame and mild in an age when stage expression has been so much more largely developed. At the next concert Mr. Sullivan's overture to his unproduced opera, "The Sapphire Necklace," and a vocal piece by Gounod are to be given for the first time. Scarcely a Saturday passes without some feature of novelty or special interest in the programme of the Crystal Palace Concert, which offers a model in selection, as well as in execution, that might well be imitated by some of the older established London concerts.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

A PLAY that is hissed and applauded on the first night, and that draws more conflicting opinions from the dramatic critics than

any drama that has been produced for years past, must be a somewhat extraordinary work. Such a work was performed for the first time at the Adelphi Theatre last Saturday under the title of "Ethel, or Only a Life." The usual mystery and misrepresentation as to the authorship have attended the production of this play. A rumour has been circulated that it is founded on a French novel, called "Une Pauvre Fille," and that in its dramatic shape it was offered to half the theatres in Paris, and rejected. Mr. Webster bought it; Mr. Webster, junior, translated it; and, on the strength of his translation, bowed on the first night. "Ethel, or Only a Life," is a most powerful, weak, clever, unconventional, stagey, good, bad, and disagreeable drama. Its dialogue is daring, its story is natural and too like real life to be popular all at once upon the stage, and its characters are drawn with a firm hand, and a knowledge of and contempt for the world on the seamy side. The piece has the fault, common to all dramas, of being overloaded with talk in parts, but in other respects the construction is far above the average. It contains several novel and admirable dramatic situations—situations, like the characters, that bring out all the talent in the actors, and enable some of them, like Mr. Stephenson, to make a distinct advance in their profession. The Adelphi company is not what would be called a strong company, even by the greatest friends of the management; but it never acted with more finish than it did in "Ethel." Mr. Billington showed unusual earnestness and belief in what he was saying and doing; Miss Woolgar was natural, and free from much of her jerkiness; Mr. Stephenson astonished the house by his genuine comedy; Miss Kate Terry never appeared to greater advantage; and even Miss Furtado, who, with the appearance of fifteen, was set to play a widow of thirty, succeeded so well that she was tempted to go beyond her part and introduce a Tory allusion to the Hyde Park riots, that produced a storm of hisses and applause, and materially helped the success of the piece, although the "author" thinks otherwise.

"Ethel" is a cynical drama, that tells a number of very disagreeable truths, and exhibits a number of very disagreeable people, who succeed, but are not envied. It conceals nothing, softens nothing, rewards the wicked, and persecutes the virtuous. We can quite understand why it was refused in Paris—it is too moral, and why it meets with opposition in England—it is too real. Playgoers, who have become accustomed to a certain set of stage puppets, have no humour to welcome and no brains to understand characters that have more life in them. There is no reason why the stage should be confined to representations of the rosy side of human nature, and no reason why a play should be abused as immoral because it holds up to contempt a set of heartless worldlings. A more moral drama than "Ethel," judging by the effect it must produce on a mixed audience, has never been placed upon the London stage, and it only shows the inconsistency of the public when such a play meets with even the faintest opposition in a house that has been left for some months in undisturbed possession of such an offensive drama as "The Fast Family." The story of "Ethel" is the story of thousands of lonely educated females who have to fight for their bread, who are insulted, imposed upon, treated with vulgar condescension, and left to die without pity. Ethel is an orphan and a governess in the family of a retired linen-draper named Wordley, whose heart, to use a common idiom, is in his breeches' pocket. Wordley has a son, who is as hard and selfish as his father; a niece, who is a poor relation, and who thinks she has a right to speak her mind because she works harder and is treated worse than a servant, and a daughter, who has a few amiable qualities. Young Wordley is, or affects to be, in love with the governess, and finding that he must offer marriage to get her, he offers it. Ethel listens to the proposition favourably, evidently seeing in it a release from her state of poverty and dependence. Old Wordley overhears the proposition, discharges the governess, after ostentatiously paying her a few shillings more than her due, and is indignant with his son. The son defends himself by saying he only means to deceive the girl, and the father is happy to find that the son is more of a rogue than a fool. A weak and stagey point in the piece occurs here, where father and son exult over each other's rascality. It is put in to bring down the curtain upon something, but that something is out of harmony with the exceeding naturalness of the characters and dialogue, and is not pleasing to the audience. It is a mistake, for which the mechanical playwright is responsible. Ethel, after this, receives an offer of marriage from an old friend, Dr. Langdale, a good work-a-day hero with very little romance about him. Believing herself engaged to young Wordley, she dallies with his offer, although her heart points to him as a man with whom she could be happy. Langdale, thinking himself rejected, goes to India, and Ethel has hardly lost her real lover before she is undeceived about her false one. Old Wordley, having more doubt about his son's wisdom than Ethel's virtue, resolves to do all he can to prevent what he calls an imprudent marriage by telling Ethel her lover's real intentions. He has some difficulty, at first, in making himself understood, but at last succeeds by the aid of a letter of his son's, in which that young man assures his father "that he will marry anybody with money from sixteen to sixty." Ethel's eyes are opened, she repulses young Wordley, and is saved from insult by the interposition of a rich young widow. This widow plays an important part in the piece. She was once a shopwoman of old Wordley's, in which position she was deceived by young Wordley, and she now wishes to annoy the family in every possible way. The Wordleys are ruined by the commercial panic of 1866, and the widow has her revenge by marrying and humiliating her old lover and patronizing

his father. In the mean time, Ethel falls into greater poverty, and is saved from starvation by the waspish niece of Wordley, who exults over the downfall of her relatives. Ethel learns that Dr. Langdale has returned from India, and is buoyed up by a false hope that he will claim her hand. Absence has cured him of his passion for the poor governess, and he has married Miss Wordley. Ethel learns this at an evening party at the rich widow's, where she is engaged professionally to play the piano without knowing the name of her employer. The cold philosophy of Dr. Langdale and the shock of the discovery kill her. She dies at the piano while playing a quadrille for the dancers.

This imperfect outline of the story gives very little idea of the stern reality of the characters, or of the vigorous and bitter sarcasm of the dialogue. If not written by a woman, "Ethel" is unquestionably written from a woman's point of view. All the vice and selfishness is on the side of the men; all the weakness and suffering on the side of the women. Seduction forms an important element of the play—but it is not the pretty vice of the modern French stage that is only exhibited to be made attractive. The author has not started to show how easily women may be deceived, and how pleasant it is to deceive them; but what pitfalls surround every young woman who is not protected by family ties, and how little a girl has to sell in the labour market, except her virtue. The women of "Ethel" struggle through the fight, and are victorious. Money makes one powerful, death protects another, good examples have an effect upon another, and a fourth is armed with a sturdy, independent spirit, and a small legacy. There is no romantic love in the play, and the only girl who gets married is the most insipid of the female characters. The bitterness of the author never loses an opportunity of venting itself. For example: Ethel is engaged by a music-seller to play at an evening party. The man who conducts her to the house has some kindness, and he warns her that "the people she is going to always pay a guinea," and not to let his master "humbug her with fifteen shillings." The author means us to believe that unprotected women are always humbugged. This man is a set-off to a hard landlord of the humble class, and is the only bit of male geniality in the piece. He speaks a dozen words. The play is well constructed, and the interest in the central character, Ethel, never flags, although the third act, as originally represented, is too full of female talkee-talkie. Several clap-trap things are put in to please the groundlings—bad French in the mouth of a man who speaks good English, and malapropisms in the mouth of a minor character. The piece is put upon the stage with one or two clumsy attempts at splendour, but it rises superior to all such surroundings. Its success or failure will test the question, whether the theatre is to be the haunt of mere idle pleasure-seekers, or a place where intellectual entertainment can be given and tolerated, even when it encourages somewhat unpleasant reflections. To stigmatize such a drama as immoral is as foolish as it was for a great critic the other day to suddenly discover that Mr. Widdicombe was a great actor, and a man to be written for, after Mr. Widdicombe had been acting, with all his talent, under the critic's nose for more than a quarter of a century.

A Mr. Talbot, said to be a provincial tragedian of some note, has made an appearance at Drury Lane, in *Macbeth*, and been warmly welcomed. The best test of his merit will be an engagement as a regular member of the company.

A little comedietta, with three bustling characters—two lively ladies and a boisterous young man—has been produced this week at the Strand Theatre under the title of "In the Wrong Box." It is a translation of a French piece, called "Chez une Petite Dame."

SCIENCE.

If a bar of steel be buried in the earth in the direction of the meridian for a few months, it will be found to have acquired polarity, and if floated on mercury, will take up the exact position with regard to the poles of the earth it occupied when in the ground. If the same bar be reburied in a reversed position, it will gradually lose its acquired polarity, and then proceed to acquire the opposite. This effect is by no means confined to steel bars, but extends to all ferruginous, and probably, in a minor degree, to all crystalline rocks. The mountain of Regelberg, in Germany, composed of serpentine, is highly magnetic, its north side attracting the south pole, and its south side the north pole of a magnet. These once supposed peculiar and exceptional properties of the loadstone are but the manifestation of a general law; in fact, all masses of iron which have occupied the same position for a long period of time will be found to indicate polarity. By the same law, our iron ships acquire the properties of a permanent magnet, according to the position in which they are built, slightly modified by the percussions received in building. The fact of the deviation of the compass in iron vessels had long been known, but the cause was regarded as a mystery till Dr. Scoresby, in his "Magnetical Investigations," published in 1852, pointed out that the magnetism was determined by the ship's position during building. Obvious as it may appear to us in the present state of our knowledge that this offered the only probable solution, it does not appear to have been suspected, much less divined, before the publication of the work in question. Dr. Scoresby again brought the subject before the public by reading a paper before the British Association, at their meeting at Liverpool, in 1854, with reference to the then recent and melancholy catastrophe of the loss

of the emigrant ship, *Tayleur*, an iron vessel, through errors of her compasses arising from the permanent magnetism of her hull. Every year the number of iron ships constructed exceeds the wooden in increasing proportions, and the question of the deviation of the compass in iron ships—or rather, the question how to remedy or remove it—becomes of greater importance. The definite magnetic character impressed on every iron ship while on the building slip, is never afterwards entirely lost. A considerable reduction in the amount or intensity takes place after launching consequent upon the first change of position, but further diminution or change of direction is a slow and gradual process. Hence it has been recommended that a newly launched iron ship, before making a long voyage, should be sent a short one, during which she should be exposed to agitation by the sea and to the tremors of her machinery (percussions and vibrations), with her head in different directions. Two expedients are at present resorted to to obviate the difficulties and dangers accruing to navigation from the unreliability of the compass on board iron vessels. First, where the deviations are moderate in amount, a table of errors is constructed by the process of swinging the ship, which is checked from time to time by a standard compass placed high above the deck beyond the reach of the magnetism of the hull. Secondly, where the deviation is found to be very considerable, an attempt at compensation is made by correcting magnets placed round the binnacle. That both plans are imperfect and objectionable is fully demonstrated by the universally admitted fact that the compasses of an iron ship in thick weather are always a source of uneasiness, and that numbers of vessels are annually wrecked, and others have fearfully narrow escapes, because this once unerring guide to the mariner across the ocean has become no longer trustworthy. In fact, so serious and notorious has the danger become, as to have induced the President and Council of the Royal Society to forward a memorandum to the President of the Board of Trade calling attention to the subject, and pointing out that unless some more efficient remedy be adopted, the deviation of the compasses in iron ships will be productive of increased losses of life and property. In this dilemma Mr. Hopkins has come forward and undertakes to exorcise the evil by extending and applying to the hull of the ship the same simple processes had recourse to for imparting, modifying, or removing magnetism to or from what we will call hand-magnets. It is well known, that by passing a horse-shoe magnet repeatedly over a steel bar in one direction, the bar becomes a magnet with poles converse to the position of the poles of the magnet used in operating. By reversing the process, the magnetism will be removed, and then, if longer continued, an opposite polarity imparted. Now, Mr. Hopkins operates on the hull of an iron ship in the same way, with the exception that instead of using horse-shoe magnets, he uses electro-magnets and two of Grove's batteries of five cells each, as more powerful and consequently expeditious in depolarizing such a large mass of iron as the hull of an iron ship. The sufficiency of this arrangement has been proved by the complete depolarization of the bow and stern of the *Northumberland* (on the exterior), which, before being operated upon, produced deviations in the compass ranging up to 90° at from 15 to 20 feet distance. The ship has to be completed and the compasses fixed on board before the operation can be performed with the necessary precision on the stringer plates, to bring the compasses in their normal direction free from deviation, when an official report will be made. The amount of iron in cross section in the interior will doubtless complicate the process of depolarization, but we see no reason to doubt its final success. There is nothing recondite nor mysterious about the theory and plans of Mr. Hopkins. We have but to ask ourselves the question at what stage of increased size does the process applicable to a small bar cease to be available for a large one, than we see at once the folly of the query, and that no such limit can or does exist. It is the prerogative of genius to grasp a principle in its entirety, and, undeterred by novelty, carry it out rigorously to its fullest legitimate extent, thus attaining ends unthought of before, and the present appears to us a case in point.

India-rubber as a material for the buffers of railway carriages failed to realize the anticipations that were formed of it, being found speedily to have its elasticity impaired under great pressure. Cork, even of an inferior kind, subjected to a slight preparatory process, proves far superior. To render it soft and permanently moist it is soaked in a mixture of molasses and water. It is then cut into discs having a hole in the centre. These are placed in a cylindrical cast-iron box, and a flat iron disc laid over them. They are next subjected to sufficient hydraulic pressure to reduce their thickness one half, at which thickness they are secured by a bolt, which passes through the metallic and cork discs and the bottom of the cylindrical box, and is secured by a nut. They are now ready for use. Cork discs about eight inches in diameter are found to exhibit extraordinary elasticity under a pressure of 20,000 lb.

The chief desideratum in glass for optical purposes is great refractive power. This quality is obtained by great density, which has hitherto been imparted by lead. It has been found, however, that by replacing the potash or lead, especially the former, with thallium, a highly refractive glass of the finest description is produced. 300 parts sand, 200 parts peroxide of lead, and 335 parts carbonate of thallium, give a glass which has a greater specific gravity and a higher refracting power than any other known, its specific gravity being 4.235, and its index of refraction for the yellow rays 1.71. It is perfectly homogeneous, and has a slight yellow shade, which is very pleasing, and may, perhaps, be found

useful to makers of artificial gems. A much greater specific gravity and higher refractive power may be attained by altering the relative amounts of the ingredients.

M. Vogel, in the *Moniteur Scientifique*, gives the following recipe for obtaining a good dark-blue ink, which will not precipitate even after long standing. Dissolve ten grammes of the sulphate of the protoxide of iron in a considerable quantity of water, boil, and then add sufficient nitric acid to convert the iron to a sesqui-oxide, add ten grammes of yellow prussiate of potash in solution, and set aside to allow the precipitate to deposit. Throw the deposit on a filter, wash with cold water, allow it to drain till it can be easily removed from the filter with a knife. Then rub down in a mortar with two grammes of oxalic acid. Set aside for an hour, and then add 400 cubic centimetres of water.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE Directors of the Bank of England again abstained from lowering their rate of discount yesterday, although the terms in the open market have fallen below 4 per cent., while the official minimum is maintained at $4\frac{1}{2}$. As a matter of course, the bills taken to the Bank are exceedingly limited; and if it were not for the prestige that attaches to the national establishment, would probably be next to nothing. Among a certain class of old-fashioned traders there still, however, lingers a kind of prejudice in obtaining discount at the Bank of England, for what reason it is impossible to discover. It has long been a maxim of trade to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market; but in this case the axiom is reversed. Notwithstanding that mercantile houses of good standing can get their paper cashed at $3\frac{3}{4}$ or $3\frac{7}{8}$ per cent., certain of their number prefer to go to the Bank, where they have to pay $4\frac{1}{2}$. It is true that at first sight the loss appears almost infinitesimal, since the difference between discounting at $3\frac{3}{4}$ and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., for three months, amounts to only 3s. 9d. in the hundred pounds. But when we recollect the large sums that are continually employed by merchants, the expense soon amounts up to an important total. Three-and-ninepence in a hundred pounds is hardly worth considering; £1. 17s. 6d. in £1,000 is unimportant; but £18. 15s. in £10,000 is a different matter. Nevertheless, from old associations and habits, not a few establishments can be found in the City who would think they had lost caste by discounting elsewhere than at the Bank.

As far as the general public is concerned it is, of course, of no consequence to them whether the Bank choose to keep its rate at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or not. As far as they are concerned, all that they want is to get money at the cheapest price possible, and the existing competition in the open market will amply serve their purpose. The present times are precisely the reverse of that period of panic which necessarily accompanied the long continuance of 10 per cent. The supply of money becomes every day increasingly abundant, and, in a corresponding degree, difficult to be placed. The indications are that it will continue to augment. Capitalists are only too glad if they can get 4 per cent. for their loans now, and, in a few weeks' time, will probably be no less pleased to receive $3\frac{1}{2}$. The old illustration, that the tighter the strain one way the greater will be the rebound on the other, is perfectly exemplified at the present moment. The strange part of the question is that, although this movement is invariably foreseen, at all events, by fairly competent judges, it is seldom or never provided against. Action and conviction are in these cases divergent. A practical man of business will, in a time of crisis, state that it is impossible that the difficulty can last, and yet will lock up his money as if the pressure would continue for years. The tide once turned, there is a rush into the opposite extreme. Every one who has, a month or two back, been desirous to borrow is now anxious to lend. Money falls from 10 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. within a brief interval; bills, instead of seeking for discount, are being sought, and exceptional difficulty gives place to what is, perhaps, the equal evil of exceptional ease.

Certainly there seems no fear that the late tightness in the money market will recur. Whatever may be the reports of the harvest, they only tend to confirm our previous opinion, that in this as in many other similar instances, the evil has been overstated. We cannot count upon an average crop perhaps, but it is evident the loss will not be sufficiently large to cause a serious export of specie. The cotton question is of more importance. The demand has lately been increasing, and there seems little doubt that our imports from India will soon be on an increasing scale. Egypt, also, is already granting us

large supplies. As regards both these countries, payment is practically required in the precious metals. Within the last week or two some tolerably large sums have been sent to Egypt, and the movement in the Eastern Exchange points to the probability of an early resumption of our old shipments of silver, both to India and China. There is nothing, however, in this movement to create uneasiness. Whatever cotton we import, we use and export it at a profit, so that instead of the nation being the poorer by a shipment of specie, it is a gainer in the long run. In any case the money market can hardly be seriously affected.

The distrust manifested by the public for almost all classes of securities continues as marked as ever. Railway stocks are especially heavy, the proceedings at the late meeting of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company having in no way contributed to counteract the damaging effect of the report of the Committee of Investigation. Consols alone remain tolerably firm, partly, perhaps, from the disinclination of investors to take any other but Government securities, but more probably from the continued purchases by the Bank of England. Foreign bonds remain in the utmost disfavour, although the announcement that Venezuela is about, tardily enough, to fulfil her obligations to her later creditors has caused an exceptional rise in that stock.

One of the principal features in the trading progress of modern times is the tendency to obliterate the old antagonism between labour and capital. The struggles between these two vital elements of prosperity are doubtless too frequent and severe not to cause much injury, but both sides are beginning, although slowly, to see their futility. One of the chief consequences of this improved view of affairs is the extension of the co-operative system. Capitalists are ready to admit their workmen to a share of their profits, and workmen are willing to embark their savings in the undertaking for which they daily labour. Two important instances of this movement may be specified, Messrs. Crosley & Sons, the well-known mill-owners, and Messrs. Palmer & Co., the ship-builders on the Tyne. In both these instances the conversion has had the best result. A new undertaking of the same description is now being introduced, the Cobden Memorial Mills Company, in 8,000 shares, of £10 each, of which 2,000 are reserved for workpeople, with special facilities for payment. It is not anticipated that more than £6 per share will be required. The property consists of a weaving shed, spinning mill (all fitted with the best new machinery), land, cottages, &c., and, according to competent valuation, is bought on very moderate terms, the vendor, moreover, investing the whole of his interest in paid-up shares. It is estimated that the profits will be at the rate of over $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, the proportion realized by a similar co-operative mill near Manchester. If the surplus earnings be above 10 per cent., one half will be divided among the servants of the company. Apart from the intrinsic merits of an undertaking of this nature, it is only necessary to mention that it is introduced under the auspices of a number of influential gentlemen in the manufacturing districts, and that a considerable part of the capital has been already subscribed.

Mr. John Hunter, late Chief Accountant of one of the Indian Banks, has issued a very useful work, entitled "A Practical Compendium of Accounts (King & Co., Limited, 63, Queen-street, E.C.). It is, as its name implies, practical, and the various forms which appear throughout the text and explanatory of it are of great value, and shareholders will find in Mr. Hunter's book information it would be well for them to study.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25f. 25c. per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 3-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 day's sight was on the 13th inst. 164 per cent., and the price of gold 153 per cent. At these rates there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

At a very numerously-attended meeting of the shareholders and creditors of the Agra and Masterman's Bank, held on Thursday, at the London Tavern, Mr. Thomson, one of the late directors, in the chair, a resolution was unanimously agreed to expressing hearty approval of the proposal for resuscitating the Indian portion of the business of the late bank. It was urged that the shareholders could not otherwise get rid of their liabilities to the creditors of the bank, and thus avoid calls, and that there was a certainty of profitable business in India, where sympathy with the company was general. A committee was appointed to give effect to the proposal. It appeared that the revived bank would begin with assets amounting probably to £800,000, and with the view of raising the total amount to £1,000,000, shares amounting to £122,000 have been subscribed.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

It is creditable, both to the writer and the public, that Mr. Froude's history should exert so wide-spread an influence as it does over the opinions of Europe. No portion of our annals, except that which relates the fortunes of the Commonwealth, is so deeply fraught with interest as the reign of Elizabeth, abounding as it did with remarkable men, and big throughout with those mighty principles, the superiority of the State over the Church, and complete liberty of conscience, which, in their development, have placed Great Britain in the van of civilized nations. The contests then going on were all more or less tinged by religious zeal bordering upon wild fanaticism. Scarcely any person could be found who thought calmly, or could endure calmness of thought in others. The dense clouds of ignorance were slowly rising from the surface of society, to be blown away ultimately by the breath of philosophy under the name of Protestantism, which from its birth has taught that every man has a right to think for himself, and to accept the conclusions to which his reason conducts him. In Elizabeth's age this was heresy, not only among the populations of the Continent, but in England also, and Scotland. Mr. Froude has been at great pains to place himself mentally in a position to judge without prejudice of the condition and men of those times—has weighed the claims of the Reformers as well as of the Catholics—has watched, as far as existing documents would enable him, the shock of parties, political and religious—and has sought conscientiously and fairly to do full justice to all. To a large extent, the history of Scotland interweaves itself too closely with that of England to be altogether separated from it in narration, especially as acts done beyond the Border necessarily influenced the policy of the English Government, and impressed a peculiar character on the conduct of all distinguished Englishmen. The second volume of Mr. Froude's reign of Elizabeth concluded with a brilliant account of the murder of Daruley, written so as to fix the guilt of the crime on Mary Stuart and her paramour, Bothwell. The volume before us opens with a no less able picture of the consequences of that crime. Mary Stuart never had justice done to her before: she now stands forth before the public as one of those exceptional women, who from time to time, in the history of the world, have been betrayed into the guilt of murder by the cravings of inordinate lust; with the sleekness and ferocity of the panther, she unites the cunning of the fox, and a coarseness to which it would be difficult to find any parallel. Falsehood appears to have been the characteristic of the whole Stuart line, so that in that accomplishment she was no way singular; but the intrepidity with which she lied was such as to provoke admiration. It was unfortunate for Elizabeth that destiny made her the contemporary of such a woman, especially as it was their lot to rule over portions of the same island. Mary Stuart, at best, was only one of the inferior and subtle agents of the Papacy, while Elizabeth stood at the head of the Protestant world, and, in spite of many failings, weaknesses, and vices, deserved so to stand. Circumstances brought these two women into political and theological collision, and the manoeuvres by which they endeavoured to accomplish their designs form a curious episode in the history of the world. Mary having made herself the wife of a married man—and of the man, moreover, who, at her instigation, had murdered her own husband—rendered her position in Scotland extremely unpleasant; for with the Reformed religion the Scotch had learned to condemn adultery and murder with unwonted severity. To Mary Stuart, who had acquired her morals in France, their squeamishness appeared absurd. In her proceedings there was nothing which would have appeared very extraordinary among the offspring of Catherine de' Medici, or the members of the Guise family in France, though the Calvinistic followers of John Knox put a harsh construction on her peccadilloes. It seems somewhat too clear that Elizabeth herself looked with a rather lenient eye on Mary Stuart's achievements, for to imagine that she was not thoroughly convinced of her guilt, would be to plead guilty to a bluntness of perception incompatible with the power to read history aright. Through this labyrinth of vice and iniquity, Mr. Froude has had to wade, and he has performed his task with unflinching intrepidity, excusing where there exists the slightest ground for excuse, and condemning where condemnation is called for. In talent, learning, and moral dignity, he stands far above those writers who have made themselves the apologists of the regal courtesan; neither could a writer so gifted stoop to sympathize with so sanguinary a wretch as Bothwell; but in his earnest desire to justify before the world the sentence which his sense of justice compels him to pronounce, he is betrayed into a degree of prolixity which at last becomes tedious. English affairs are kept too much out of sight in order to give full development to the crimes of the Scottish Queen and her partisans. Still, the story has at length been told, told ably, told fairly, told with a boldness and plainness which must for ever hereafter close the mouths of those who are capable of being convinced by reason, or evidence, or the truth of things.

When Mr. Froude comes to speak of English affairs, his relation is necessarily less exciting, though there is still sufficient interest to keep alive the attention of the reader. Contemporary politicians censured Elizabeth for remaining unmarried, and Mr. Froude seems

disposed to accept their decision. But to which of her suitors could she have given her hand? Not, surely, to one of the sons of Catherine de' Medici, not to Philip of Spain, nor to the Archduke Charles, amiable and handsome though he was. To each and all of these persons the same objection applied—they were Catholics; and to the leading and thinking men of England the Mass had come to be regarded as an abomination. A Catholic king-consort would have incurred the deadly hatred of the English people, and Elizabeth, who had hitherto possessed their warm love, would have been overwhelmed beneath the same hostile sentiment. Besides, why should she marry? She loved Leicester, as Mr. Froude acknowledges; but, while making the acknowledgment, he strenuously seeks to prove that Leicester was unworthy of her love. It is one of the weak parts of Mr. Froude's work that he suffers prejudice to interfere with his estimate of several historical characters, but more especially Leicester. It is not uncommon with writers on the events of that age to give a strange preference to Leicester's enemy, the Earl of Sussex, who was deputed to Vienna for the purpose of obtaining a husband for Elizabeth. But, surely, no one will think of comparing Sussex to Leicester for ability, for knowledge of mankind, for brilliant eloquence, for fascinating manners, for the power to influence others in their judgments and decisions. Leicester stood his ground against Burleigh, against Walsingham, against that same Sussex, against Oxford—against all, in fact, who envied his place in Elizabeth's affections, and sought vainly to supplant him. If we concede to Leicester's enemies that he, too, was in no small degree a criminal, can we deny him the possession of extraordinary abilities—abilities which not only enabled him to keep his transgressions from being proved during his own lifetime, but so to shroud them in mystery as totally to defy the inquisition of posterity? In the view of most writers, Elizabeth was distinguished for so consummate a knowledge of men and so exact a judgment in public affairs that she rarely formed a wrong estimate of individuals, or took a wrong course in politics. From this high pedestal Mr. Froude appears determined to take her down. In order to elevate her moral character, he depreciates her mental powers, representing her as fickle and irresolute to an extent almost beyond belief. It is easy for us, looking back upon the past, stereotyped into eternal fixedness by events, to point out the wisdom of one course and the folly of another, because we are familiar with all the consequences in which they resulted. It was different with those who then lived and acted. Every step into the future was a step into the dark, save where the luminousness of their own intellects threw light a short way before them. Elizabeth was no seer, neither had she any Calchas among her ministers, though some of them were as acute as any who have since lived. The duties, however, which devolved upon her and them were as difficult as any which rulers have had to encounter. Such difficulties, it is well known, arise more from the blindness than from the wickedness of mankind, for nations seldom understand their own interest any more than rulers understand theirs. Mr. Froude rightly regards with contempt that philosophy of history which seeks to represent human affairs as a composite piece of mechanism put in motion by fate; and yet writes as if individuals were the playthings of some resistless spell thrown over them by others. Knowing as he does the whole nature of the influence at work, he yet seeks to make a marvel of what is as common as the ordinary courtesan's trade. Mary Stuart, he assures us, fascinated all those who came within the sphere of her influence: so did Catherine II. of Russia, so did Messalina, so did Elizabeth herself, when she thought proper to exert her power, and so would any good-looking Queen who should be totally destitute of morality. The fascination was quite as much in the rank as in the manners or features of the enchantress. History abdicates its functions when it condescends to borrow the pen of the romance-writer. Ninon de l'Enclos, Lola Montes, or any other lady of the same class, would have performed equal marvels with Mary Queen of Scots had they stood in her position; yet we should smile were we to find in the biography of either of these dames a passage like the following:—

"When she was removed from Carlisle to Bolton, the gates of Scrope's castle were usually thrown open to the neighbourhood, and the eager knights-errant had free access to her presence. When at times she was thought likely to attempt an escape and the guards were set upon the alert, loyalty, like love, still found means to penetrate the charmed circle. Every high-spirited young gentleman, whose generosity was stronger than his intelligence, had contrived in some way to catch a glance from her eyes and to hear some soft words from her lips, and from that moment became her slave, body and soul.

"Conspicuous among these youths were the Nortons, of whom the reader has heard as the intending assassins of the Earl of Murray.

"The father, Richard Norton, was past middle life at the time of the Pilgrimage of Grace. It may be assumed with confidence that he was one of the thirty thousand troopers who followed Robert Aske from Pomfret to Doncaster behind the banner of the Five Wounds of Christ. Now, in his old age, he was still true to the cause. He had been left like a great many others unmolested in the profession and practice of his faith; and he had bred up eleven stout sons and eight daughters, all like himself devoted children of Holy Church. One of these, Christopher, had been among the first to enroll himself a knight of Mary Stuart. His religion had taught him to combine subtlety with courage; and through carelessness, or treachery, or his own address, he had been admitted into Lord Scrope's guard at Bolton Castle. There he was at hand to assist his lady's escape, should escape prove possible; there he was able to receive messages or carry them; there to throw the castellan off his guard, he pretended to flirt with her attendants, and twice at least by his own confession, closely

* History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vol. III. London: Longmans & Co.

as the prisoner was watched, he contrived to hold private communications with her.

"The scenes which he describes throw sudden and vivid light upon the details of Mary Stuart's confinement. The rooms occupied by her opened out of the great hall. An antechamber and an apartment beyond it were given up to her servants. Her own bedroom, the third of the series, was at the farther extremity. A plan had been formed to carry her off. Lady Livingstone was to affect to be in love with young Norton, and had pretended to promise him a secret interview in the twilight outside the moat. The Queen was to personate the lady, and she and the cavalier were to fly together. It was necessary that Norton should see Mary Stuart to direct her what she was to do. He was on duty in the hall. By a preconcerted arrangement, a page in the anteroom took liberties with one of the maids. There was much screaming, tittering, and confusion. Norton rushed in to keep the peace, and, sheltered by the hubbub, contrived to pass through and to say what he desired. The scheme, like a hundred others, came to nothing; but as one web was unravelled out, a second was instantly spun. Another time Mary Stuart had something to say to Norton; and this scene—so distinct is the picture—may be told in his own words:—

"One day when the Queen of Scots, in winter, had been sitting at the window-side knitting of a work, and after the board was covered, she rose and went to the fire-side, and, making haste to have the work finished, would not lay it away, but worked of it the time she was warming of herself. She looked for one of her servants, which, indeed, were all gone to fetch up her meat, and, seeing none of her own folk there, called me to hold her work, who was looking at my Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys playing of chess. I went, thinking I had deserved no blame, and that it should not have become me to have refused to do it, my Lady Scrope standing there, and many gentlemen in the chamber, that saw she spake not to me. I think Sir Francis saw not nor heard when she called of me. But when he had played his mate, he, seeing me standing by the Queen holding of her work, called my captain to him and asked him if I watched. He answered sometimes. Then he gave him commandment that I should watch no more, and said the Queen would make me a fool."

At the period of which we are speaking, all Europe was thrown into a ferment. The two Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland took up arms in the revolts for Mary Stuart, and the Earl of Sussex, commissioned by Elizabeth to bring them to reason, followed close at their heels, purposing to use persuasion, if persuasion would prevail—if not, to put them to the sword. We need consult no experience beyond that of our own day to learn how Romanism bewilders weak minds. So it was in Elizabeth's time, as the reader may learn from Mr. Froude's animated and brilliant pages:—

"The cry was out that 'the Pope had summoned England once: he was about to summon it again, and then it would be lawful to rise against the Queen, for the Pope was head of the Church.' By the morning bodies of armed men were seen streaming from all points upon the road to Raby. Northumberland himself, old Norton and his sons, Captain Reed, who had command of the Bolton guard, with twenty of his harquebusmen, Markinfield, Swinburn, and a hundred other gentlemen, made their way to the Earl of Westmoreland. The country was covered with flying peasants, driving their cattle before them for fear of plunder, and with scattered bands of insurgents who were seeking for arms. Irresolute still, Northumberland had meant to go first to Alnwick whatever else might follow. Before he left Topcliffe he addressed a few weak words to Elizabeth, 'protesting that he never intended any disloyal act towards her; begging her of her mercy, 'to take compassion of his miserable state and condition,' to listen to no false reports of him, and 'to send him some comfort, that he might repair to her presence.' But he was drawn with the rest to Raby, where he and they were to decide whether they would fight, or fly, or submit. There, two days after, at a general council, the question was once more discussed. They were all uncertain; the Nortons were divided among themselves, Northumberland and Swinburn were inclining to make for Flanders, and there was no resolution anywhere. They had all but broken up, and 'departed, every man to provide for himself,' when Lady Westmoreland, Lord Surrey's daughter, threw herself among them, 'weeping bitterly,' and crying 'that they and their country were shamed for ever, and that they would seek holes to creep into.' The lady's courage put spirit into the men. There was still one more chance: while they were debating, a pursuivant came from Sussex requiring the earls, for the last time, to return to their allegiance. If they were falsely accused to the Queen, Sussex said that their friends would stand by them. If they had slipped, their friends would intercede for them. But it was now too late. Northumberland proposed to go on to Alnwick, raise his people there, and join the others on the Tyne; but the Nortons and other gentlemen would not allow him to leave them. The pursuivant was detained till he could carry back a fuller answer than could be expressed in words; and at four o'clock the following afternoon, Sunday, the 14th of November, as the twilight was darkening, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Sir Cristofer, and Sir Cuthbert Neville, and old Richard Norton entered the city of Durham. With sixty followers, armed to the teeth, behind them, they strode into the cathedral; Norton, with a massive gold crucifix hanging from his neck, and carrying the old banner of the Pilgrimage, the cross and streamers and the five wounds. They 'overthrew the communion board; they tore the English Bible and Prayer-book to pieces; the ancient altar was taken from a rubbish heap where it had been thrown and solemnly replaced, and the holy water vessel was restored at the west door; and then, amidst tears, embraces, prayers, and thanksgivings, the organ pealed out, the candles and torches were lighted, and mass was said once more in the long-desecrated aisles."

How this insane rising ended, everybody knows. After a hopeless struggle, the rebels fled, some to Scotland, others elsewhere.

Mary Stuart, the artificer of this miserable outbreak, was removed to new quarters, to delude fresh victims, and bring about fresh disasters to the far too credulous and forbearing Queen of England. It was something like the prejudice of caste that withheld Elizabeth during so many long and weary years from bringing her prisoner to trial and punishment; she beheld the cup of the woman's guilt fill slowly, and, with the knife constantly at her own throat, still refrained from dashing the chalice to the ground till it should be full. All this process Mr. Froude has yet to describe. The consequences to the authors of the rebellion we shall point out next week.

THE FEMALE CASUAL.*

MR. GREENWOOD'S papers in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, relating his experiences as an amateur casual in the wards of Lambeth workhouse, have drawn a great deal of attention, during the last three quarters of a year, to the condition of vagrants, and the accommodation provided for them at the public charge. We are threatened, indeed, with an overdose of ready-made advice, and with a consequent reaction of indifferentism, following on the somewhat spasmodic excitement of people's minds with reference to this really delicate and difficult question. The work now in our hands is one of numerous contributions to the literature of vagrancy; but we do not know whether to estimate its value at much or little, because we are not sufficiently assured of the genuineness of the main narrative. The first few chapters of Mr. Stallard's slender volume profess to relate the investigations of a female "amateur casual" in the workhouses of Newington, Lambeth, Whitechapel, and St. George's-in-the-East. That a respectable woman should have subjected herself, four times over, to the horrible sights, sounds, and influences of a casual ward, should have encountered with comparative impunity the very serious perils which the feat involved, and should always have escaped detection, seems strange, but of course is not impossible. We cannot, however, quite understand the description given of this enterprising searcher after knowledge. "She is," says Mr. Stallard, "a pauper widow, who, having received some slight assistance in a period of great distress, volunteered, as an act of gratitude, to visit these wards for the express purpose of describing them. Not only has the character of this person been vouched for by persons who have known her many years, but every effort has been made to confirm the truthfulness of the descriptions by visits to the wards themselves, and other means." Now, "a pauper widow" must surely mean a widow in the receipt of parochial relief; and it certainly seems extraordinary that a person receiving relief from one workhouse should be sent about to get up a case against others. Who sent her on these errands? or to whom did she "volunteer" to go? In a case such as this, it is obviously important that we should have a precise description of the individual making the statements; and the description here is anything but precise. The "pauper widow," moreover, writes sometimes in a very literary style. Such a sentence as—"I was regarded by the officials in every case with great suspicion: they looked at me as though I were not a real casual, and only let me through when they had seen my boots, which appeared to satisfy their standard of distress"—is not what we should expect to receive from the pen of a humble woman unpractised in authorship. It is strange also that such a person should be able to carry away from a night's sojourn in a workhouse ward an exact impression of a multitude of small details, with many little bits of character, very dramatically reproduced, and several dialogues, partly conducted in flash language. One of the female tramps at Lambeth—"Cranky Sal"—turns up a second time in another workhouse, and is made quite a character, though the "pauper widow" gives two very different accounts of her. At the close of the Lambeth chapter, she says:—"I came to the conclusion that she was more rogue than fool, and indeed she boasted that she was so." Towards the end of the chapter on St. George's-in-the-East, we find the sentence:—"Poor Sally! I am convinced she is not vicious, and is to be greatly pitied." These are suspicious features in evidence which, to be valuable, ought to be above all suspicion. We do not mean to throw any doubt on the good faith of Mr. Stallard; but we should have been glad to receive a more exact account of the authorship of these revelations, and we should have placed greater reliance on them had they been, apparently, less dressed up.

Still, they may be substantially true, and all that we know of workhouse wards inclines us to fear that they are. Allowing this to be so, the state of things exhibited is most dreadful and appalling. The details of poverty, dirt, disease, and utter neglect here brought forward, are such that we are at times forced to close the book in utter nausea and horror. The mind can conceive nothing worse of "the loathly lakes of Tartarus" than is vouched for by the "pauper widow" as actually existing in many of the metropolitan workhouses. A person going to one of these casual wards in a clean and wholesome state, could hardly fail to come out contaminated in many ways. The rooms swarm with vermin; the condition of the vagrants is frightful, the stench terrific, the ventilation imperfect, and the provision for decency utterly ineffective. This was more or less the case in all the four workhouses visited; but Lambeth (the house inspected in January by

* The Female Casual and her Lodging. With a Complete Scheme for the Regulation of Workhouse Infirmeries. By J. H. Stallard, M.B. Lond., Author of "London Pauperism," Member of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

Mr. Greenwood) seems to have been the best. "The whole place," says the present witness, "is far superior to that at Newington. The bath-room is separated from the sleeping-ward by a door and a curtain; there is a stove in it to dry the clothes if they are wet, and three zinc baths well supplied with hot and cold water; the floor was very clean, and covered with wood. I had a very clean and comfortable bath, with soap to wash with, and a clean towel to dry myself, and then I put on a blue gown which was given me to sleep in." At Whitechapel, however, the closeness and heat were so horrible (it was the month of July) that every one in the ward suffered from diarrhoea, and "several were drawn double with cramp." At St. George's-in-the-East, the "pauper widow" and other occupants were attacked with cholera, but could get no assistance. The condition of the closet attached to this ward was infamous, and quite without excuse, assuming the account here given to be correct, which there is but too much reason to believe it is. From personal inspection Mr. Stallard thus summarizes the present state of the casual wards of the four workhouses referred to:—

"At Newington, the ward was already in course of demolition, but enough remained to show the truthfulness of the description, and the unfitness of the accommodation then in use.

"At Lambeth, the general arrangements appear excellent. The female ward is large and airy, and the bath-room clean and well appointed. The floors are washed daily, but less care seems to be taken that the beds and rugs are maintained in a cleanly state; no doubt this is almost impossible, but nevertheless it seems hard that a woman of cleanly habits should be forced to lie upon infected beds, and cover herself with rugs alive with vermin, for the convenience and accommodation of a class which, if treated according to law, would be most of them in prison. . . .

"The wards at Whitechapel are utterly unfit for human occupation. We hear that others are in course of erection, but, in the interests of humanity, those now in use ought to be instantly closed. The boarded floors and whitewashed walls fail to conceal the real filthiness of the place, the full horrors of which come forth at night. The want of ventilation, and the crowding together of half-destitute and dirty people, constitutes a focus from which diarrhoea and cholera is liable to be carried into the whole district. No one can read the harrowing account of the night spent there without feeling that illness is almost a necessity of the place,—if not in the ward itself, soon afterwards. Let the Guardians set up a tent in the yard, and lay fresh straw daily upon the very stones, and let water be abundantly supplied, and the sanitary conditions will be more successfully observed than they are now.

"These remarks apply with tenfold force to the dangerous cellars in St. George's-the-East, condemned long ago by Mr. Farnall. These wards are now re-occupied, because the new ones have been appropriated to cholera cases; but surely this course cannot have been sanctioned by the Poor-Law Board."

Mr. Stallard is opposed to the employment of the police in connection with the admission of vagrants, thinking it a hardship to the deserving poor, and no great protection against vagabonds. It is unquestionably a very sad thing that honest and decent people should be compelled to herd with filthy, obscene, and blasphemous wretches, who glory in their degradation, and wantonly defy every law of decency; but the difficulty is to prevent it, for even the most idle and depraved cannot be refused shelter when really houseless. There is some worth, however, in the suggestion that casuals receiving relief should be detained for a certain period, and set to work. The thing was formerly tried at Paddington with good effect, for it diminished the number of applicants, while it did not deter the really necessitous. It might not be amiss, either, if practicable, to "adopt a system of registration and certificates, in order to fix the crime of vagrancy on the able-bodied vagabonds who systematically occupy the casual wards, and then let orders be given for their prosecution under the Vagrant Act." But when Mr. Stallard wishes to make the admission of vagrants depend on their previously obtaining a certificate from a magistrate, to be granted "after due inquiry," he forgets that the necessity for shelter generally arises as an emergency late at night, and that it must be dealt with at once, or not at all.

NEW NOVELS.*

MR. ARMSTRONG seems to have got hold of a file of old newspapers narrating some of the naval engagements between England and France during the last century, and these he has dished up with a variety of astounding incidents, clearly the production of his own brain, and a dialogue strongly marked by his individuality. There is not much of the dialogue, and we could even do with less, for anything duller has seldom been presented to us. The hero of the novel, Magnus O'More, is as unlucky in his relations as any human being well could be. He is the son of a Mr. Roderick O'More, an Irish gentleman, whose union with Fernanda of Cordova, the daughter of the Duke of Cabra, a Spanish grandee, failed to give the usual satisfaction to the lady's father. Indeed, the old gentleman was so enraged at his daughter's alliance, that "the chapel where the ceremony was performed was razed to the ground as a place sullied by a profane rite having been performed within

its walls," and everybody concerned in the ceremony, except the two principals, "either incarcerated or removed from the world." With so good a beginning, we are not surprised to learn that the father and mother of Magnus die young, leaving him to the care of an uncle, with the usual result. Mr. O'More, it is true, had "done all that he considered necessary to secure the rights of his progeny, by making his will and writing his history." We can understand the will, but the necessity for the history is beyond us. Notwithstanding these precautions, Mr. Gorman O'More, the wicked uncle, possesses himself of the family property, giving out that, although his nephew was illegitimate, he had provided for him, "but that he certainly could not allow him to bear the name of O'More." Affection for the family name seems not to have been confined to the parent O'More, for we find his daughter, the heroine of the novel, a little further on, expressing her surprise "that anybody should call a baronet of fifty years standing the superior of an O'More, whose ancestry can be traced back to the first Henry." Mr. O'More's provision for his nephew was peculiarly after his own fashion, and, we must confess, a little Irish in its conception. The boy is carried off by a Mr. Hamilton, one of the darkest villains in the story, and placed by him under the care of an old woman, named Muggins, from whose clutches he escapes to sea. Six years in the navy elevate Magnus to the position of lieutenant, for, observes Mr. Armstrong, "his great skill and courage won him great praise." The treatment which the hero received from his maternal ancestor was, if anything, worse than that which he experienced at the hands of the O'Mores. He makes the acquaintance of his grandfather under the unfavourable circumstances of being in prison on the charge of murder and robbery, and the duke, so far from commiserating his position, cries out "At last. Ah, Madre de Dios, my revenge comes in the eleventh hour, but I have him in my grasp—son of the traitor that robbed me of my child! Santiago, he shall die." The old gentleman continued to enjoy the situation, "frequently clutching his hands, and muttering sundry ejaculations of gratitude," until, having suffered from an unpleasant dream, he begins to regret his atrocious conduct, and hands to his physician the long-hidden certificate of his daughter's marriage and of Magnus' legitimacy. Magnus is then brought to the duke's castle to see his grandmother, an old lady of whom Mr. Armstrong enters into a long description, because, as he says, "age commands respect, beauty admiration." There the hero obtains his certificate, and is well received by his grandmother; but the duke will have nothing to say to him. Less friendly still is the Duke del Rios, whom Magnus' mother had jilted for O'More, and who, when he discovers who Magnus is, mutters, "pressing his lips hard between each word, 'You are an O'More! Santiago!' and he grasped his sword."

During his adventures the hero has paid several visits to his native place, and makes the acquaintance of his cousin, Miss Norah O'More. We can scarcely say that the young lady's character is very carefully delineated, her only peculiarity being a habit of using the expression "my dear sir" upon every possible occasion; and even that slight mark of individuality she is not permitted to monopolize, as every other genteel female personage in the novel uses it more or less frequently. We are, however, informed that Norah's beauty was such that she was able to prevent her father's tenants "from openly revolting"—a quality in Irish ladies which we fancy might prove useful just now in the suppression of Fenianism. On one occasion Magnus saves his cousin from being dashed off her horse during a thunder-storm, and on another he plunges into a lake and rescues her from drowning. The author is careful to inform us that, before his dip, the hero removed the upper portions of "the naval undress which, for certain reasons, he always wore." We are left without explanation as to what were the precise reasons for the costume; but we cannot be far wrong in assuming that Mr. Armstrong did not intend ordinary motives of decency to be without their influence upon so estimable a young man. As "Our Blue Jackets" is scarcely likely to retain the attention of its readers to the end of the third volume, we can spoil no pleasure in informing them that the novel ends as such novels usually do, in the hero getting into the possession of his property and being married to the heroine. Mr. Armstrong seems to entertain a profound admiration for the British navy; but when, after the engagement between the *Terpsichore* and *Vestale*, he makes Captain Bowen say, "Lieutenant O'More, you had better take the cutter and board the *Vestale*. I feel very weak just at present, and must see about getting to rights and keeping further off shore," we are at a loss which to admire most, the cool attention of the officer to his details, or the innocence of the author in placing the speech before his readers. We cannot leave Mr. Armstrong without giving one or two specimens of his dialogue. Lord Courtown, a relative of the hero, and about as stupid a character as we have ever seen upon paper, is anxious to marry that he may spite his relations, and pays his addresses after this form to Miss Euphemia Blake, "a Galway lady":—

"'You are surprised, no doubt,' said his lordship, 'at this to you unexpected visit.'

"Euphemia felt her heart flutter, for in truth she had a spice of ambition in her nature.

"'I was thinking,' continued his lordship, 'that when I explain the object of my visit, you will consider me not an eccentric man, for you know that already, but perhaps you take me for a lunatic.'"

We should have had no doubt as to his lordship's sanity. He then offers her his hand, and Miss Blake replies:—

"'Yours is a frank, generous offer, my lord, and I accept it

* *Our Blue Jackets*. By C. F. Armstrong. London: Newby.
Cecile Raye; an Autobiography. By Mrs. Blake, Author of "Glenrora."
London: Tweedie.
Hena; or, Life in Tahiti. By Mrs. Alfred Hort. Two vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

as frankly, trusting that our mutual happiness may be secured thereby."

The "thereby" may perhaps have an unpleasant smack of the introductory section of an act of Parliament, but we must admit that the whole is very original, and quite unlike the language of lovers which one usually meets with. Lady Courtown afterwards "felt herself happy, and all under her rule felt the presence of a kind mistress conducive to their domestic comforts."

The author's case appears from the whole book to be one so utterly hopeless, that we scarcely know what advice to offer him. We venture, however, to suggest some slight attention to anatomy, such as would satisfy him that an ordinary human being cannot well tumble down the crater of a volcano, get shot through and through on four or five different occasions, and sabre wounded all over dozens of times, without showing some signs of being inconvenienced. A little care in this respect would remove from Mr. Armstrong's novels some of their startling improbabilities, if it would at the same time leave little of the works remaining. If he were also to consult the better class of those "who feel the presence of a kind mistress conducive to their domestic comforts," they might in future restrain him from stating as a remarkable fact that the bachelor Lord Courtown "received no ladies at Courtown Castle." If after this preparation Mr. Armstrong will put his "thoughts" into a dramatic form, and present them to the public the other side of the water, he may possibly receive the applause of the gallery, but he will at all events have the gratifying reflection that he has done us good service in relieving us of the perusal of his mental achievements.

"Cecile Raye" is a book presenting more difficulties to the reviewer than he finds in "Our Blue Jackets." The latter work calls for the expression of but one opinion; and although Mrs. Blake's novel is as a whole entitled to the same judgment, it has one or two passages not unworthy of commendation. Cecile Raye and her sister Aggie are about as emotional a pair of young ladies as we have met with in fiction. Aggie happening to fall overboard at sea, is rescued by a young sailor, Frank Innes, upon whom, although, as the author expresses it, "not *selon au règle*," Cecile bestows her affections. Troth is plighted, and things go on very well, nobody paying any attention to Aggie, who suddenly discovering how matters stand, cries out, "Then you two are engaged," drops down upon the ground in the presence of the lovers, and rolls in agony. A sister given to so open a display of her feelings called for but one remedy. Cecile will give up her lover. Any objections the young man might have had to urge are got over in a way which we fancy must be peculiar to Mrs. Blake's heroines. Cecile asks Frank whether, if she were "immured in a convent or separated from him by impassable barriers, there was a girl in the world he would prefer to Aggie;" and Frank having to this appeal made the gratifying but remarkable reply—"No, most certainly not," he is at once handed over to the sister, Cecile taking to bed with fever. Cecile appears to get over her grief with tolerable ease. We next find her making the acquaintance of a Mrs. Brodie, whose husband not only compelled her to marry him "by holding a pistol at her head," a new addition to the ceremony which must have rather surprised the officiating clergyman, but forced the people of the neighbourhood to accept the lady into their society by "calling, and almost sobbing, aloud in his emotion the words which came fast and thick in justification of his Isabella." "When he threw himself upon their pity, and implored them at least to forgive and show mercy, they began to quail under his flashing eye, to sympathize with his emotion, and to feel the power of the determined will." Cecile is fortunate enough to save the life of Lady Blanche Drummond, by throwing herself among the feet of four enraged carriage horses, who are about trampling the lady to death, and she secures the friendship of Lady Blanche, of her affianced lover, the Hon. Captain Moreton, and of the Earl of Kinkeld, Lady Blanche's father, "who must in his youth have been fine looking, for the shape of his head was well formed." This is the first time we have seen the crown of the head regarded as an index of general beauty, but whatever doubt the rule may be open to, it was useful in the case of the earl, as "he had a sword-cut extending from his temple to his mouth." Captain Moreton, actuated by the remarkable reason that Cecile strongly resembles his mother, falls violently in love with her, and she, it would appear, returns the tender feeling, if we are to judge from her singular conduct at a charity ball, in which, after hearing several soft things from Captain Moreton, she finds herself embracing a marble pillow and weeping for the loss of her brother, "Baby Charlie," a youth who died at the mature age of six months some eighteen years previously. The captain calls next day and proposes, but Miss Raye refuses him, influenced not by his engagement to her friend, Lady Blanche, or her own recollections of Frank, but because "she would be betraying a principle in marrying a man who makes no profession of Christianity." It is odd to find so polite a person as the captain saying that he "pities her poor fanatical little soul," but not in the least surprising that he should in a day or two afterwards carry her off to a large hotel on the pretence that she is a lunatic. He then points out to her that she is disgraced and had better marry him, but she ultimately ends his entreaties by asking him "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" After this, the captain departs. Cecile, however, forgives him, and when the landlord came "*in propria persona*" (we can't well see how else he could have come) "to hand her to the coach, taking her home, because Captain Moreton had made him promise to do so, before he left, she was touched by this mark of attention, and thinking of

him gratefully, took the landlord's proffered arm." She returns home to be turned out of doors, but is at last received by her parents, and Aggie conveniently dying, she is married to Frank, the Captain fulfilling his engagement to Lady Blanche. In the first few pages there is a fearful intimation that the heroine knew "a little Latin hoary with age, a good deal of Italian, and a great deal of French." We scarcely know how Latin looks when hoary with age, but of the author's French, the little she favours us with only gives us reason to be grateful that there is no more of it. There are two or three readable passages in Mrs. Blake's book. Cecile's childhood at Rosedean and her sinking down in the snow when repulsed from her father's door are fairly described.

The majority of novels have so commonplace an aspect, and resemble each other so strongly, that it is refreshing to meet with one which has such distinctive features and wears so unusual an expression as "Hena" possesses. Mrs. Hort has broken ground in the regions of romance which has been but little worked, and she is able, therefore, to present us with a few flowers of fiction, differing considerably in form and colour from those with which we meet in the ordinary pastures of home literature. The novelist is fortunate who can paint from experience an unusual and attractive background, the charms of which may divert the spectators' attention from the appearance and gestures of his actors, and Mrs. Hort has benefited greatly in this respect by her acquaintance with the glowing scenes which are to be witnessed among the "purple isles of Eden" of the Polynesian Archipelago. Readers of "Omoo" and "Typee" will have a pleasant remembrance of those gems set in the ocean enamel which Mr. Herman Melville describes so attractively, with their coral reefs gleaming through clear waters, their "breadths of tropic shade," their "palms in clusters," their dreamy landscapes and their gorgeous skies, the gay plumage of their birds as they float over their lustrous woodlands, the luxuriance of the creepers which trail from their crags. There the hero of "Locksley Hall" might well hope to find enjoyment, and thither Mrs. Alfred Hort has gone to find a heroine. Hena is the name of the Tahitian half-caste whom she has selected to fill that position, and whose love-story occupies the best chapters of the book. She is very pleasantly described, and there is a charm about her fresh, unsophisticated nature, and her impulsive, affectionate character, which goes far towards redeeming the dreariness of the greater part of the acquaintances by whom she is surrounded. Her native friend, Taai, forms the subject of a bright and lively sketch, but all the other people who figure in Mrs. Hort's story are wearisome in the extreme. Its hero is an insufferable prig, a Mr. Seymour, who is intolerably wise and prudent and good. He has never done anything wrong in his life, and always acts upon the best of motives. His expression is generally serious, but his whole countenance lights up so irresistibly, when he is led to smile, that "no doubt it had made sad havoc when it had pleased him to unbend and try his powers of fascination;" but his broad smooth brow and kindly eye incline one to believe him a man "who would shield and protect the weaker sex rather than crush them." So great is the influence of his attractive exterior and cultivated mind, that the heroines of the story fall in love with him in rapid succession. He sees Hena for the first time one day when she and her friend Taai are bathing in one of the many island rivers. He is taking a stroll with a French acquaintance, Adolphe de Lorme, when the latter suddenly catches sight of the two girls in the midst of a limpid stream. Mr. Seymour, who always does what is right, immediately looks another way; but De Lorme is fascinated by Hena's charms. "Her dress, unfortunately, was rather thin for the present occasion, and now clung so tightly round her well-formed limbs as to display through the clear water her entire figure," and moreover, a part of the dress "must have been torn in the exertion of bathing, disclosing some portion of her form." De Lorme falls desperately in love with her, but she will have nothing to say to him. For Mr. Seymour, however, she soon entertains an admiration which she is unable to repress or even to conceal. Her example is followed by Mary Fenton, an artless maiden of fifteen, who becomes as infatuated as Hena, but is better qualified by education to disguise her feelings and restrain her affections. De Lorme persecutes Hena with his attentions for a time, but at last he discovers that she is his sister, on which he consoles himself with the society of a native girl, of the tender age of twelve years, who possesses "a voluptuous person, somewhat hidden by a shy manner." Another of Hena's admirers is a handsome young Tahitian chief, Matoha by name, who is greatly attached to her, but whose love is so little reciprocated that he grows savage at last, and on one occasion squeezes her hand till her lips and face grow livid; after which display of feeling she naturally refuses to have anything more to say to him. Seymour behaves with the greatest coldness towards her for a time, but at last he perceives that there is a danger of her dying for love of him, so he sacrifices himself and marries her. For a while she is perfectly happy; but he proves such a disagreeable husband, and so much more given to educating his wife than to loving her, that she catches a series of bad colds, falls into a rapid decline, and eventually dies of something between consumption and a broken heart. Mr. Seymour soon consoles himself by marrying his admirer Mary Fenton, and Hena's name disappears from the story until it finally reappears when conferred upon the daughter with which the second Mrs. Seymour presents her husband. Such is an outline of Mrs. Hort's story, which is undoubtedly sentimental and sad in the extreme. It is told with a great deal of good feeling, and at times with a display of moral indignation which does her great credit. She also frequently

indulges in epithets and expressions testifying to an acquaintance with the French language. We constantly hear of the *haut ton*, and are introduced to the *élite* of society. Her hero frequently acts *malgré lui*, and sometimes shows an undisguised *méprise* for his wife's native friends, in spite of "the gorgeous *tout ensemble* of their dress." De Lorme is, of course, "*distingué* looking," but he is often *hors du principe*, besides being constantly given to "a sudden *penchant*," which is apt to end in his being "caught *en flagrant délit*," after destroying some lady's *quiet de cœur*, and rendering her incapable of enjoying anything in scenery beyond its *triste grandeur*. Nor is it only the French language with which Mrs. Hort can boast of an intimate acquaintance, for specimens of Tahitian are lavishly strewn over her pages. The greater part of them convey little idea to the mind, but the recurrence of the exclamation, "yer honour!" inclines us to surmise that the Tahitian tongue must be somewhat akin to that of Ireland. On the whole a considerable amount of information may be gleaned from Mrs. Hort's story; but it must be confessed that its first chapter presents it in a style reminding us, in an uncomfortable manner, of a cyclopædia or a gazetteer.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.*

THE genius of many writers of the present time has an unmistakeable tendency to evaporate in essays. Formerly, the title of essay was usually given to the lucubrations of men of science, philosophers, and aspiring members of mutual improvement societies. Now, however, we have numberless volumes of essays, on subjects manifold, and of size portentous. Dr. Rigg presents us with a volume not a little pretentious in bulk and type; but it is easy to imagine the reader's chagrin, if his intellectual appetite be at all keen, at finding that he is but to feast upon the "funeral baked meats" of the *London Quarterly*. The task of reviewing a review is a very dreary one, whatever may have been the amount of talent and scholarship thrown into its composition. These essays by Dr. Rigg betoken a highly-gifted mind, and they are not without a certain interest, inasmuch as they clearly prove how widely different are the principles of modern Wesleyan Methodism from those held by Wesley himself. The volume opens with "a few words on the relations of Wesleyan Methodism to the Established Church," and here the author's logical position is a most peculiar one. He first represents the whole Methodist body, both lay and clerical, as "smiling with supreme amusement" at such a proposal as their union with the Church of England. On the next page we are told that Wesley "passionately loved the Church and her services," and "utterly shrank from the thought of separation;" that "he knew the original doctrines of the Church to be sound, her worship, in the main, pure and Scriptural." We can fully conceive that Wesleyan Methodism proper would plead an energetic "non possumus," even if Dr. Pusey himself were to write another "Eirenicon" to convince Methodists that they ought, in the interests of orthodoxy, to elect him as the president of their annual conference; but that they should smile with supreme amusement at the thought of union with a Church which they confess their founder loved, and admitted to be pure and Scriptural, is a hyperbole bordering on the absurd. Did Wesley really believe and teach that "not prayer-meetings, but class-meetings and love-feasts are the peculiar and characteristic means of grace among Wesleyan Methodists"? There is much in these essays concerning Wesleyan Methodism that takes us by surprise. We are at a loss to conceive how Dr. Rigg, in delineating the character of the truly gifted Wesleyan minister, "who has been brought up in the superior circles of his own Church," could represent him as enjoying "far rarer and more exquisite pleasures, being at the same time liable to peculiar, but pure, and blessed, and truly Christian sorrows," as leading altogether a higher style of life, having more of heaven on earth, and doubtless being far more highly blessed in eternity." No doubt, many a struggling curate or incumbent, with a small income and a large family, has yet to attain to this "higher style of life," whatever may be the peculiar sorrows that he shares in common with his truly gifted Wesleyan brother. Dr. Rigg discusses at some length the vocation and training of the clergy, and laments the paucity of "powerful preachers" in the pulpits of the denominations. There is also a paper on the Established Church, its defects, remedies, and probable reforms. The writer's strong Wesleyan prejudices pervade all. Some of the essays, on subjects independent of Methodism, are ably written, and contain many striking and original suggestions. In taking to task certain portions of this work, we are not censuring Dr. Rigg's volume as a whole. The fact of these papers having been published in the *London Quarterly* is a proof of literary merit and scholarship. We are disposed to question the utility of their re-appearance in the present form.

* Essays for the Times. By J. H. Rigg, D.D. London: Elliot, Stock, & Co. Peace through the Truth. By the Rev. T. Harper, S.J. First Series. London: Longmans & Co.

The Papal Drama. A Historical Essay. By T. H. Gill. Same Publishers. Messiah the Prince. By J. W. Bosanquet, F.R.A.S. Same Publishers. The Shadow of Christianity. By the Author of the "Apocatastasis." London: Stevens Brothers.

A Layman's Faith. By a Layman. London: Trübner. Nature and the Bible in Agreement with the Protestant Faith. By J. Davis, C.E. London: Houlston & Wright.

The Book of God. The Apocalypse of Adam-Hannes. By —. London: Reeves & Turner.

Our next volume of essays is by a learned Professor in a Jesuit college in Wales. It discusses various subjects connected with Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," and bears the attractive title of "Peace through the Truth." Like all compendiums of Roman theology, it involves the all-important postulate of the infallibility of the Church. Now, either the Church of Rome is infallible or she is not: if the former, then the volume before us never need have been written, for, this principle being once admitted, there is an end to all theological controversy. But if the Church be not infallible, this work can only be accepted as an authority by those who believe that she is so; for, as the real or supposed infallible authority of the Church is its very first axiom, unless this be admitted, it is simply a body without life, a watch without a spring, a building without a foundation. The evident intention of the writer of these essays has been to infuse into them as much as possible of a forbearing and Christian spirit; but he seems never to forget that he is dealing with heretics, and the English Church is represented as steeped in heresy, even to every line of her rubrics, and every thread of her vestments. This, of course, we were fully prepared to expect; but we were somewhat startled to learn that the "Eirenicon," from first to last, betrayed, on the part of its author, not only bad theology, but unsound scholarship. As long as Dr. Pusey quotes Greek and Latin from the fathers of the Church, and gives to the passages the received interpretation of Roman theologians, he meets with our author's approval. But if, upon the highest classical authority, he ventures to interpret them otherwise, he is at once convicted either of falsification, misrepresentation, or ignorance. The writer of these essays is evidently a professed expert in scholastic theology, and so endless are its refinements that a man who ventures there without extreme caution may find himself at his wits' end before he is aware. We were quite convinced, before the appearance of Dr. Pusey's work, or of the present essays, that the union of the Church of England and the Church of Rome was absurd and impossible, even in theory. No "Eirenica" or "Polemica" will ever modify our opinion on that point; but we still take exception to the sweeping assertion of our author, that Dr. Pusey is a writer with whom "errors and misquotation are a rule, accuracy the rare exception," and that his work is a "mass of inaccuracies and gross errors—a vast congeries of blunders." Still less can we appreciate the poetical quotation (or rather *misquotation*) which concludes the volume, and affords a graceful exit to our author, who makes his bow, and turns upon his heel with the most self-satisfied complacency:—

"These objections

As we foretold them, are all baseless, and
Are melted into air—into thin air;
And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

Mr. T. H. Gill presents us with a work entitled "The Papal Drama," which, without being beside the truth, we might qualify as "a true novel." It is a rhetorical amplification of the facts which compose the history of the Papacy. It traces the history of the Popedom from its very beginning, sets forth its early struggles and excesses, portrays its triumphs and the splendour of its golden age, and also its degradation by the kings of France. We are made to be almost eye-witnesses of its fierce conflict with the Reformation, of its final decrepitude and decay. The language of the author at times is somewhat strong and unmeasured; he declares from the outset that he is determined to see no good in the Papacy. Its vices are portrayed under the darkest and most terrible imagery; virtues it has none. There is a running fire in the author's style which keeps up the reader's interest in the narrative, and at times we meet with pages which glow into eloquence. The parallel between Conradin and Lady Jane Grey in Book IV. is very beautifully and touchingly drawn, and as a whole the book recommends itself by the power and vividness of its descriptions. The author seems to have made himself thoroughly acquainted with contemporary history, and, if we except some extreme views and expressions into which his enthusiasm at times betrays him, we cannot but recommend the volume as an interestingly-dramatised history of the Papal power.

"Messiah the Prince," by Mr. Bosanquet, is an erudite and valuable work on the interpretation of the prophecies of Daniel. It enters deeply into the philological objections to the authenticity of those prophecies, and shows that the Hebrew of Daniel is really that which you would expect in a writer of his age, and under his circumstances. The writer of this work sides with Dr. Pusey in determining the chronology of the Book of Daniel, and utterly repudiates the theories of Dr. Williams, the essayist, that those portions of the book supposed to be specially predictive are a history of past occurrences up to the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes. A clearer and fuller exposition of the prophecy of the seventy weeks could not be desired, and a rabbinical paraphrase of the prophecy of the latter days is given, throwing much light upon its interpretation. The work contains also several diagrams to illustrate the retrograde movement of the solar ray upon the dial in the palace of Hezekiah, and a treatise on the Sabbatical years and jubilees, illustrated by a calendar. The candid and unsectarian spirit in which the book is written, and the deep and varied knowledge it displays, render it a most complete and satisfactory exposition of some of the greatest of the prophecies of Daniel.

"The Shadow of Christianity" is a little work by an American author, and its aim is to show that, the Christian Church and Commonwealth having been intended by God to be self-governing, every State that would attain to perfection in government must be

a shadow of the Christian State or Church, which the author is pleased to define as "a self-organizing, self-legislating, self-governing, free Democracy." As the realization of a true State, the author finds even the American Republic faulty. Its founders proposed to themselves a determinate end, and adopted the indispensable form of a perfect State; but they erred in the choice of means to that end, and have therefore failed to attain it. All aristocracies, according to our author, ought at once to be abolished, and every man fitted by education to take a part in the government of the State. How many men have written their inkstands dry on these Utopian topics, without producing one iota of practical result! We give our author credit for his candour in many things, but are unable to enter into his particular views.

A Layman, name unknown, begs to offer to Christendom a new rule of faith, a revised Creed with proofs, a Liturgy, and all that a Christian man ought to know and believe to his soul's health—the whole compressed in the incredibly small space of some hundred pages. Our Layman will have nothing to do either with churches, or bodies who dissent from them, because he considers that they are all out of the unity and love of God, and a hindrance to the coming of the day of Christ. "He claims a freedom from any sectarian bias; circumstances which have operated for the last forty years have entirely freed him from the bias of education, and of the sect of which he is a nominal member; and the delightful feeling he enjoys in this liberty from bondage he is desirous of communicating to others." At the same time that he is inclined to be dogmatic, he does not disdain the arena of controversy; and, that he may have an opponent worthy of measuring swords with him, he challenges the "eagle of Meaux," the great Bossuet, whom he quotes largely, and refutes triumphantly. How Christendom ever came to suppose that on the eve of His passion our Lord instituted a commemorative supper is a mystery to our Layman, nor can he conceive of such a thing as baptism, since it is evident that all the expressions of our Lord concerning it are purely figurative. "Oh, the happiness of that truth," he exclaims, "which tells us we are all the children of God, who will forgive our transgressions, and heal all our diseases, if we put ourselves under Him!" This is rather loose theological language. Our author intends, no doubt, to present a copy of his work to Convocation.

"Nature and the Bible," by Mr. Davis, is an extremely interesting and useful work. It is essentially scientific in its character, and its aim is to show the harmony that exists between nature, the Bible, and the Protestant faith. It seeks to recover missing links in the great chain of natural causes and effects, and to elucidate ideas hitherto but dimly realized on account of the garbled, technical phraseology in which they have been enveloped. The great merit of the work consists in its freedom from conventionalities, and the simple, lucid manner in which it expresses abstruse and complex ideas.

We glance, in passing, at a work entitled "The Book of God," but in which the human element is very much more prominent than the divine. It is a strange *mélange* of heathenism, obsolete gnosticism, Scripture tradition, and the delirious ravings of a diseased imagination. We do not profess to have read the whole, because it defies perusal. Those who have a taste for the incomprehensible will find in this volume a wide field for its indulgence.

SHORT NOTICES.

Belgravia. A London Magazine. Conducted by M. E. Braddon. No. 1. November. (Warwick House, Paternoster-row.)—By the favour of the publishers, an early copy of this new Magazine, to be issued to the public on the 24th, lies before us. First numbers are generally failures—perhaps because of the very efforts that are made to render them in the highest degree choice and special; but this appears to be an exception to the rule. The publication, to begin with, has a very attractive look. The cover, green, brown, and cream-colour in hue, and exhibiting an extremely graceful design, is original and artistic; and when we open the leaves, we find that they are handsomely printed in a large type on substantial paper. The number of pages is 130—a liberal allowance for a shilling; and of full-page illustrations there are four. Miss Braddon makes a good start with her new story, "Birds of Prey," planting several characters in positions which promise considerable interest for the future. Of course we cannot say more at present: to do so would be fair neither to the author nor the critic. Another continuous story appears under the title of "The Iron Casket," a tale of French life, full of wild incidents and shadowy romance; and the other articles are numerous and up to the mark. Of course there is a little of the rather "fast" style so popular at the present day—as in the paper on "Swells," to some extent in "Feast of St. Partridge at Park Hall," and to a great extent in Mr. Sala's "Market-street, Manchester;" but this is varied by more solid matter. Mr. Winwood Reade's "African Martyrology" is an interesting account of those great explorers who have perished in their researches into the mysterious continent of the Nile and the Niger. "An Adventurous Investigation" records the writer's examination of the condition of lunatics in the Isle of Man (as we understand by certain descriptions, and by the expression, "The Trip da' Isle," though assuredly the Isle of Man is not, as we here read, "the smallest island of the United Kingdom"); and this paper would be excellent were it not for the small jokes with which the writer has intermixed his ghastly statements, and which are quite incompatible with such a subject. "In the Schools Squad, an Oxford Sketch," is graphic and amusing, and "A Fireside Story, told by the Poker," is a very pretty little domestic tale, with the truest of home feeling in it. The best of the poetry (which, on the whole, is not very good) is Mr. Mortimer Collins's "Love in November;" and the best

of the illustrations is that to "The Iron Casket." This sketch, which is by Mr. F. J. Skill, is picturesque and powerful; the others, though not equalling the monstrosities we see elsewhere, are too much in the gawky modern style to satisfy our taste.

The Boy and the Constellations. By Julia Goddard, Author of "Karl and the Six Little Dwarfs," and "More Stories." Illustrated by A. W. Cooper. (Warne & Co.)—We do not, as a rule, admire stories in which an attempt is made to unite facts and mythology. Both are admirable things; but they do not mix well. They spoil each other, as do port and sherry, which some people have a strange fancy for mingling. When we find gods, goddesses, demi-gods, fairies, and phantasms, introduced into some common scene of every-day life, and talking in a sort of poetical language to very ordinary mortals of our own times, we are struck by a sense of incongruity which is partly painful and partly absurd. This is one of the faults of Hans Christian Andersen, and we conceive that it betrays a certain Northern poverty of imagination, or a want of complete ideality of thought. Miss Goddard, in her little tale of "The Boy and the Constellations," very nearly splits on this rock, but we think does not quite do so. She is evidently a disciple of Andersen, but she avoids his worst errors. The conception with which she starts is really borrowed from the Danish story-teller. As, in "What the Moon Saw," our silvery satellite pays nightly visits to a young painter, and tells him several pretty things,—so, in the present work, she looks in rather frequently on a little German boy (Fridolin by name), and talks to him while asleep, finally taking him in her chariot up to the celestial regions, introducing him to the old Greek heroes and demi-gods with whom the constellations are associated, and relating to him their histories. Here, it will be seen, is that connection between the real and the fanciful which we deprecate as inadvisable. But it is not pushed to extremes, and may therefore be overlooked. Children have always an element of poetry in them, and in this case we simply hear of the child, and are not forced to listen to accounts of his papa and mamma, and of his prosaic daily surroundings. Had the story been by Andersen, we should have heard a good deal of the washer-woman, and the dust-contractor, and the man who sold small coals in the cellar round the corner, and of the difficulty of conversing with Diana when your landlady is constantly dunning you for three weeks' arrears of rent. We should have had Pluto introduced to point the moral that an alderman who oppresses or neglects the poor is none the happier for his riches; and Apollo brought down from Parnassus to advise some young Danish poet not to pay too much regard to the criticisms of the weekly press. These sordid and vexatious matters Miss Goddard has wisely put on one side, and there is not much to contradict the graceful fancy of her mythological narratives. A few touches of humour here and there are not felt as intrusions; and there is poetry, feeling, and classic elegance in much of the writing. The book is nicely illustrated and prettily bound, and is well calculated to delight any child who has an eye for beauty and a sense of imagination.

Sighs, Smiles, and Sketches. By J. G. Maxwell, M.A. Second Series. (Barnstaple: A. P. Wood.)—Though possessing a very Scotch name, Mr. Maxwell would seem to be a Devonshire man; at any rate, he writes poems in the dialect—not a very pleasing one—of that beautiful county. His volume commences, oddly enough, with "L'Envoi;" it ought to end with a Preface. We are bidden by the author to "peruse his little book," and not to be severe in our criticisms. This depreciation of criticism is not very manly; but there is nothing in Mr. Maxwell to be severe about. His verses are of the harmless "Poet's Corner" order, and to be severe over them would be absurd. This is how he "sighs":—

"Dear friend, 'tis sad to miss from earth
The light that through dark hours has cheer'd us,
To part with those who, since our birth,
To home and all its joys endear'd us."

And this is how he "smiles":—

"The Lady Grace had a charming face,
And perfectly well she knew it;
To a handsome man, though she carried her fan,
She took very good care to show it.
Her eyes were dark, and shone like a spark,
Through their long and silky lashes;
She could look demure when she chose, and was sure
To knock a youth's heart to smashes."

And all the world said Lady Grace would have made
A wife for a king, had he won her;
When she went to the play, half the pit used to say,
'My eyes! what a regular stunner!'"

The "sigh" may be but "windy suspiration of forced breath;" the "smile" is very like grinning through a horse-collar.

The Elements of Italian Grammar, for the Use of Colleges and Schools. By Raffaele Vagnolini. (Allan & Co.)—This unpretending little work, the author of which, unlike most teachers of the present day, does not lay claim to having discovered a magical method by which one may master a language in an incredibly short time, contains everything necessary to be known by the English student of the Italian grammar, stated in an unusually simple and plain manner. In addition to the grammatical rules, it furnishes a set of exercises to test whether the student has really mastered these—which we consider an indispensable feature in all such books—and a few historical tales in Italian, as well as a set of familiar dialogues and phrases, which will give the reader some insight into colloquial Italian. In short it will be found a useful little book to any one who wishes to obtain an elementary knowledge of the Italian language, though a more advanced student had better have recourse to Italian grammatical and philological works, of which

there are many excellent ones, far superior to anything on the Italian language ever yet published in England. The language of the Italian poets, for instance, is a study of itself; and such elementary works as the one before us, although sufficient for obtaining a practical knowledge of everyday Italian, will not suffice to enable a foreigner to appreciate the greatest masterpieces of the language. Still they are indispensable as stepping-stones, and deserving of all due praise when good.

Dame Perkins and Her Grey Mare; or, the Mount for Market. By Lindon Meadows. With coloured Illustrations by "Phiz." Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. — A capital story, told in rhyme, of the adventures of a farmer's wife who, mounted upon a lame and partially-blind old grey mare, with the intention of visiting Worcester market, finds to her horror that her gallant steed, at the sound of the huntsman's horn, forgets her age and infirmities, and joins in the pursuit of Reynard. Dame Perkins loses her eggs and butter, but preserves her presence of mind and her seat on the mare, which, after flying several hedges and a toll-gate, and swimming a stream, comes in at the death, thereby securing the coveted brush for her unwilling rider. Dame Perkins's wonderful hunt reminds us of the famous ride to Edmonton, of which it may be said to be by no means a weak imitation. The illustrations by "Phiz" are in that artist's happiest style, and add a relish to a very interesting story for lads.

We have also received the October No. of the *Journal of the Institute of Actuaries* (C. & E. Layton);—Vol. VII. of the *Victoria Magazine*, from March to October (Emily Faithfull);—the last volume of the *Quiver*, an Illustrated Magazine (Cassell, Petter, & Galpin);—*The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms* (Longman & Co.)—a little volume in which Mr. John Collyer Knight, of the British Museum, author of "The Pentateuchal Narrative vindicated from the Absurdities charged against it by the Bishop of Natal," &c., asserts the divine inspiration of the patriarchs and prophets on the authority of Christ, and enters into some animadversions in disproof of the testimony of Josephus in reference to the Canon;—Vol. II. of *The Sermons of Mr. Henry Smith, Sometime Minister of St. Clement Danes, London: together with a Preparative to Marriage, God's Arrow against Atheists, certain Godly and Zealous Prayers, &c.*, with a Memoir by Thomas Fuller, B.D., the whole carefully edited by the Author of "Our Heavenly Home," "Life at Bethany," &c. (Tegg);—and a fourth edition of *Our Military Administration, Past and Present*, considered in a Letter to the late Viscount Palmerston, K.G., by W. O. (Stanford).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ABOUT eleven years ago, a thin quarto volume appeared at New York, called "Leaves of Grass," of which the author was one Walt Whitman. It was a species of poem, and yet was not exactly written in verse, but in a kind of measured, though irregular prose, running sometimes into lines of great length. The matter was as strange as the form. It professed to be the utterance of a genuine American, disdaining all the traditions and conventionalities of the Old World, and speaking with the boundless freedom of the New. We were impliedly, almost explicitly, called upon to recognise a new Gospel—the Gospel of humanity in its naked force and primitive elements. The prevailing idea was that of Oriental Pantheism—with a touch of the old Greek Pan too, half goatish and half divine. The power and originality of the work were beyond dispute; yet it was difficult to know what to make of the author. At times he wrote with a nobility of thought and exaltation of feeling which thrilled you as you read, as with something Olympian and godlike; at others, he would wallow in the mire with mere animal cravings. Here, Walt would express himself with the most unmistakable plainness—with a plainness which often set decency at defiance; there, he would rush off into the wildest and most inexplicable rhapsodies. The book, however, made a noise in America. It was hailed by Emerson as the commencement of a new era of really American poetry; and in time it found its way over to England, where some few critics, of greater boldness or discrimination than the rest, recognised the strange, though unpleasant, power of the author. To this day, however, but little is known in this country of the personality of Walt Whitman. We are therefore glad to see in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* a paper by Mr. Moncre D. Conway, giving an account of his own intercourse with this singular being. He sought him out shortly after the publication of his book, and found him, one fiercely hot Sunday in midsummer, lying on his back on the burnt-up grass of a common on Long Island, New York, "gazing up straight at the terrible sun." Mr. Conway addressed him, and asked if he did not find the sun rather hot. "Not at all too hot," was his reply, and he went on to say that that was one of his favourite places and attitudes for poetical composition. "He then," continues Mr. Conway, "walked with me to his home, and took me along its narrow ways to his room. A small room of about fifteen square feet, with a single window looking out on the barren solitudes of the island; a small cot; a washstand with a little looking-glass hung over it from a tack in the wall; a pine-table with pen, ink, and paper on it; an old line-engraving, representing Bacchus, hung on the wall, and opposite a similar one of Silenus; these constituted the visible environment of Walt Whitman. There was not, apparently, a single book in the room. In reply to my expression of a desire to see his books, he declared that he had very few. I found, upon further inquiry, that he had received only such a good English education as every American lad may receive from the public schools, and that he now had access to the libraries of some of his friends. The books he seemed to know and love best were the Bible, Homer, and Shakespeare: these he owned, and probably had in his pockets whilst we were talking. He had two studies where he read: one was the top of an omnibus, and the other a small mass of sand, then entirely uninhabited, far out in the ocean, called Coney Island. Many days had he passed on that island, as completely alone as Crusoe.

He had no literary acquaintance, beyond a company of Bohemians who wrote for the *Saturday Press*—the organ at that time of all the audacity of New York—whom he now and then met at Pfaff's lager-bier cellar. He was remarkably taciturn, however, about himself—considering the sublime egoism of his book—and cared only about his 'poems,' of which he read me one that had not then appeared. I could not help suspecting that he must have had masters; but he declared that he had learned all that he knew from omnibus-drivers, ferryboat-pilots, fishermen, boatmen, and the men and women of the markets and wharves. These were all inarticulate poets, and he interpreted them. The only distinguished contemporary he had ever met was the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, who had visited him. He had, he said, asked Mr. Beecher what were his feelings when he heard a man swear; and that gentleman having admitted that he felt shocked, he (Whitman) concluded that he still preferred keeping to the boatmen for his company. He was at the time a little under forty years of age. His father had been a farmer on Long Island, and Walt had worked on the farm in early life. His father was of English, his mother of Dutch, descent, thus giving him the blood of both the races which had settled New York. In his youth he had listened to the preaching of the great Quaker iconoclast, Elias Hicks, of whom his parents were followers; and I fancy that Hicks, than whom few abler men have appeared in any country in modern times, gave the most important contribution to his education. After leaving his father's farm he taught school for a short time, then became a printer, and afterwards a carpenter. When his first volume appeared, he was putting up frame dwellings in Brooklyn; the volume was, however, set in type entirely by his own hand. He had been originally of the Democratic party; but when the Fugitive Slave Law was passed, he found that he was too really democratic for that, and uttered his declaration of independence in a poem called 'Blood-money'—a poem not found in his works, but which was the first he ever wrote. He confessed to having no talent for industry, and that his forte was 'loafing and writing poems'; he was poor, but he had discovered that he could, on the whole, live magnificently on bread and water. He had travelled through the country as far as New Orleans, where he once edited a paper. But I would find, he said, all of him—his life, works, and days—in his book; he had kept nothing back whatever." After the breaking out of the civil war, Walt went to Washington, and devoted himself to nursing the wounded soldiers in hospital. A friend of Mr. Conway's, writing from Washington, says:—"I speak within bounds when I say that, during those years, he has been in contact with, and, in one form or another, either in hospital or in the field, personally ministered to, upwards of one hundred thousand sick and wounded men." He now holds an office in the Attorney-General's department.

It is said that Mr. James Hannay has received the reward of his brilliant journalistic services to the Tory party, in the appointment, just conferred on him, of the consulship at Dunkirk. The reward is not a very magnificent one; but Mr. Hannay is not the man to linger very long in the shade anywhere, and he will probably make his way in due time to some superior post.

The death of the Dean of Norwich demands recognition in literary columns, on the score of several works which the reverend gentleman produced. Besides many volumes of sermons, he wrote a "Life of Lord Sidmouth," whose daughter he married. He was the third son of Sir Edward Pellew (afterwards Viscount Exmouth), the celebrated Admiral who, after distinguishing himself all through the revolutionary war with France, performed his last grand achievement in 1816, at the bombardment of Algiers. The late Dean was born in 1793, at Tregony, Cornwall, and was appointed to the Deanery of Norwich in 1829. His health had been failing for some months.

Mrs. John T. Hanson, the niece of Oliver Goldsmith, whose case attracted some attention a short time ago, and for whom a fund was raised to rescue her from indigence, died on the 21st ult., at her residence, West Hoboken, New Jersey, in the eighty-first year of her age.

We find some gossip about Lord Byron in the *Manchester Examiner*, which says:—"Among the miscellaneous articles advertised for sale this week is an antique folding writing-table, formerly the property of Lord Byron. It appears to have passed subsequently into the hands of the late Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, a well-known collector of antiquities and 'worshipper' of autographs and other relics, by whom the table is duly and formally authenticated. If it be true that the author's copyright interest in his published works lasts for forty-two years after his death, as stated by Mr. Anthony Trollope in his paper read the other day before the Social Science Congress at Manchester, then this year has seen the expiration of the copyright of Lord Byron's works, as the poet died in April, 1824. It appears that in 1709 copyright was limited to fourteen years from publication; in 1814 the term was extended to twenty-eight years; and it was only in 1842 that it was extended to its present duration of forty-two years from publication, or to the end of the author's life, if he should chance to outlive that period. The late Marquis de Boissy, it may not be generally known, married about fifteen years ago the Countess Guiccioli, Lord Byron's great friend." We may add that the "Byron tomb" in Harrow churchyard is about to be repaired. Yet another bit of Byron gossip appears in the *Publishers' Circular*, which states that the album which Sir John Bowring gave to be kept as a record of the visitors to Hucknall-Torkard Church, where Byron is buried, has been clandestinely sold and taken to the United States.

The *Inverness Courier* prints the following inedited letter, written by the poet Burns to Lord Woodhouslee, and now in the possession of that judge's grandson, Colonel Fraser-Tytler, of Aldourie:—"Sir, —A poor catiff, driving as I am this moment with an Excoise quill, at the rate of 'devil take the hindmost,' is ill qualified to round the period of gratitude, or swell the pathos of sensibility. Gratitude, like some other amiable qualities of the mind, is nowadays so much abused by impostors that I have sometimes wished that the project of

that sly dog Momus, I think it is, had gone into effect—planting a window in the breast of man. In that case, when a poor fellow comes, as I do at this moment, before his benefactor, tongue-tied with the sense of these very obligations, he would have nothing to do but place himself in front of his friend and lay bare the workings of his bosom, I again trouble you with another, and my last, parcel of manuscript. I am not interested in any of these—blot them at your pleasure. I am much indebted to you for taking the trouble of correcting the press work. One instance, indeed, may be rather unlucky; if the lines to Sir John Whiteford are printed, they ought to read—

‘And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.’

‘Shadowy’ instead of ‘dreary,’ as I believe it stands at present. I wish this could be noticed in the errata. This comes of writing, as I generally do, from the memory.—I have the honour to be, sir, your deeply-indebted, humble servt., ROBT. BURNS.—6th Decr., 1795.”

A posthumous work of Edgar Allan Poe's has recently been discovered, and will soon be published in New York.

Mr. John Stuart Mill is now engaged, at Avignon, in editing the collected works of the late Mr. Buckle, the author of the “History of Civilization.”

It is stated in the daily papers that the South Kensington Museum has recently acquired a pack of playing cards of singular rarity. They are woven in silk, and were made for the Medici in the 17th century by one Panichi.

Mr. Gruneisen, who, during the Spanish War of Succession in 1837-8, acted as the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and who was taken prisoner, and ultimately released, owing to the exertions of Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, is writing a history of the struggle in question. He is now in the Basque provinces.

The Seventh Session (1866-7) of the Crystal Palace School of Art, Science, and Literature will commence November 1st. The object of this institution, which is conducted under the management of a Committee of the Crystal Palace Directors, is to afford opportunities for imparting a liberal and finished education to ladies on reasonable terms. A private suite of apartments is appropriated to this purpose, adjacent to the Tropical Department and Lecture Theatre, and a staff of experienced professors is appointed by the Committee to conduct the various classes. Among other privileges, pupils have free use of the Company's Reading Room and Library, which comprises, in addition to the magazines, newspapers, reviews, &c., upwards of 5,000 volumes of educational works and books of reference. Free admission to the Palace is also given to pupils to attend the classes, with the privilege, when duly registered, of purchasing at half-price a Season Ticket available on all occasions.

Mr. Hannay is about to produce a work entitled “Three Hundred Years of a Norman House.” The “house” in question is that of the Gurneys of Norfolk, whose ancestors were the Lords of Gournay, in Normandy, from which place they derived their name.

The *Round Table*, of New York, will henceforth be edited by Mr. Henry Sedley, author of the novel called “Dangerfield's Rest.”

A curious fact is mentioned in the *New York Times*, which says:—“A paper called the *Sunbeam* has just been started by the convicts in the State Prison at Trenton, N.J. The *Newark Advertiser* remarks that it is not generally known that inmates of that prison furnished prose and poetry for a certain campaign paper published in New Jersey not many years ago; and it thinks it recognises the style of one of these contributors in some verses in the *Sunbeam*. The editor states that, with but a single exception, his is the only paper ever issued from a prison cell in any State of the Union.”

Germany, which has hitherto been without a weekly political newspaper, is about to have one. It will be started by the proprietors of the daily *Kölnische Zeitung*, under the same name.

The *Gazzetta di Venezia* has laid aside the Austrian eagle, and become Italian in its character. Of new patriotic journals there have appeared—the *Daniel Manin*, the *Tempo*, the *Rinnovamento* (edited by M. E. Souzegno, brother of the director of the *Gazzetta di Milano*), and the *Corriere della Venezia*. The publication is also announced of the *Paese Veneto*, and the *Sior Antonio Riala*, a humorous journal.

The correspondent of *La Presse* in Italy warns tourists who pass through Ferrara not to believe that the cell shown as that of Tasso is really the one in which that poet was confined. “Byron, who was exceedingly credulous,” says this correspondent, “had himself shut up for two hours in this damp cell, and came out of it with one of the most remarkable fragments of his poem, ‘The Lamentations of Tasso.’ The author of ‘Don Juan’ and ‘Childe Harold’ had a strange mania for writing French, and in the beginning of his wandering and poetic life he wrote it very badly, as the following verses, quite authentic, but little known, will attest. They were written by him on the wall of the coal-cellar which was pointed out to him as the dungeon where Tasso was confined:—

‘Là, le Tasse brul d'une flamme fatal,
Expiant dans les fers sa gloire et son amour.
Quand il va recevoir la palm triomfal
Descend au noir sejour.’”

Dr. Charles Vogt, it is said, will give at the beginning of the new year a series of lectures (*conférences philosophiques*) in Paris on the Origin of Man. Dr. Charles Vogt is celebrated both as a naturalist, and as being the friend of Prince Napoleon, whom he accompanies in his travels.

General Sulicki has just published in Berlin a “History of the Seven Years' War,” with a preface by General von Moltke, the eminent tactician of the last campaign of the Prussian army.

A pamphlet has appeared in Germany, entitled “Der Badische Verrath” (The Treachery of Baden), which contains some startling statements with respect to the conduct of Prince William of Baden in the late war.

From Weimar we hear of a book, written by Carus Sterne, and published by Voigt, called “Die Naturegeschichte der Gespenster” (The Natural History of Spectres).

Mr. MURRAY's list of works in the press includes—“The War with America, the Correspondence of H.M. King George the Third with Lord North, during the years 1769-82,” edited, with notes and introduction, by W. Bodham Donne, 2 vols.; “The First Reform Bill, the Correspondence of H.M. King William the Fourth with the late Earl Grey and Sir Herbert Taylor, from November, 1830, to 1832,” edited by Earl Grey, 2 vols.; “The History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609,” Vols. III. and IV., completing the work; “The Conquerors, Warriors, and Statesmen of India,” an historical narrative, from the invasion of Mahmud of Ghizni to that of Nadir Shah; Mr. Gladstone's “Speeches on Parliamentary Reform in 1866,” with a preface and an appendix, 1 vol.; “The Actual State of Christianity, and the Recent Attacks made upon it,” by M. Guizot; a ninth and thoroughly revised edition, to be completed in 2 vols., with illustrations, of Sir Charles Lyell's “Principles of Geology”; “The Children of the Lake,” a poem, by Edward Sallesbury; “A Memoir of the late Sir Charles Barry, R.A., Architect,” by his son, with a portrait and illustrations; “A Journey to Ashango Land, in Equatorial Africa,” with some account of the natural history, manners, and customs of the native tribes, including the Obongo, a race of dwarfs, by M. du Chaillu; “Madagascar Revisited under a New Reign,” by the Rev. W. Ellis, with illustrations, 8vo.; “Contributions to the Archaeology and Antiquities of London,” read at the Archaeological Institute, July, 1866; “A Continuation of the History of the Christian Church, from the Concordat of Worms to the Death of Boniface VIII.,” by Canon Robertson; “Benedicite, or Song of the Three Children,” by Dr. Chaplin Child; “The Civil Wars of France and England,” by General Sir E. Cust, Vols. III. and IV., completing the work; “Blind People, their Works and Ways, with sketches of the Lives of some Famous Blind Men,” by the Rev. B. G. Johns, with illustrations; “A Life of William Wilberforce,” condensed and revised from the larger biography, by the Bishop of Oxford; a new edition, thoroughly revised, of Sir Roderick Murchison's “Siluria,” with map and woodcuts; &c.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. have in the press, besides numerous works already announced—“Speeches on Parliamentary Reform,” by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1 vol. 8vo.; the first volume of Dr. Latham's “Dictionary of the English Language,” in 2 vols. 4to., founded on the Dictionary of Dr. Samuel Johnson, as edited by the Rev. H. J. Todd; “The Elements, an Investigation of the Forces which Determine the Position and Movements of the Ocean and Atmosphere,” by W. L. Jordan, vol. I., with map; a “Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Luke,” by James Stark, M.D., Author of “The Doctrine of the Trinity,” 2 vols.; “The States of the River Plate, their Industries and Commerce,” by Wilfrid Latham, Buenos Ayres; and “Our Sermons, an Attempt to consider familiarly but reverently the Preacher's Work in the Present Day,” by the Rev. R. Gee, M.A.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL promise—“A Life of Holbein,” by Ralph N. Wornum, with a portrait and numerous illustrations; “Polynesian Reminiscences, or Life in the South Pacific Islands,” by W. T. Pritchard, formerly her Majesty's Consul at Samoa and Fiji, with illustrations, and a preface by Dr. Seemann; “The Vegetable World,” by Louis Figuier, Author of “The World before the Deluge,” &c., translated from the French, with 447 illustrations, drawn chiefly from nature, by M. Faquet, and 24 full-page illustrations; “Norway, its People and its Institutions,” by the Rev. John Bowden; “Up and Down the London Streets,” a series of sketches, by Mark Lemon, with many illustrations; “Nights in the Harem,” by Emmeline Lott, formerly Governess to H.H. the Viceroy of Egypt, Author of “Harem Life in Egypt and Turkey,” with a frontispiece; “The Prince of the Fair Family, a Fairy Tale,” by Mrs. S. C. Hall, with numerous illustrations; and a re-issue and continuation of “English Writers,” by Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London, the first volume of which is devoted to the Celts and Anglo-Saxons, with an introductory sketch of the four periods of English literature. The same house announce among new novels—“Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy,” a novel, by Charles Reade, 3 vols. (reprinted from the *Argosy*); “Gemma,” a novel, by T. A. Trollope, Author of “La Beata,” &c., in 3 vols.; and “A Prodigy, a Tale of Music,” by Henry F. Chorley: to be followed by new novels by “Onida,” Annie Thomas, Isa Blagden, and Arthur Locker.

Mr. BENTLEY announces a third and fourth volume of Earl Russell's “Life of Charles James Fox,” completing the work; “Impressions of Spain,” by the Right Hon. Lady Herbert of Lea, with many illustrations; a new work by the Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer; the fifth and sixth volumes of “The Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury,” including the Life of Archbishop Cranmer, by Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester; “Good Cookery from the Recipes of the Hermit of St. Gover,” by the Right Hon. Lady Llanover; “A Stormy Life,” a novel, in 3 vols., by the Hon. Lady Georgiana Fullerton; “Life and Correspondence of William Hazlitt,” by his grandson, W. Carew Hazlitt, 2 vols., with portraits; vols. 4 and 5, forming the completion of the “History of Rome to the Fall of the Republic,” by Dr. Theodor Mommsen, translated by Professor Dickson; “Three Phases of Christian Love,” by the Right Hon. Lady Herbert of Lea; “English Eccentrics and Eccentricities,” by John Timbs, 2 vols.; “Charles Townshend, Wit and Statesman,” by Percy Fitzgerald, author of the “Life of Laurence Sterne,” 1 vol.; “Lives of English Merchant Princes, from De la Pole to the Present Day,” by H. R. Fox Bourne, Esq., 2 vols., with upwards of thirty illustrations; “Curiosities of Clocks and Watches from the Early Times,” by Edward J. Wood; “The Treasury of French Cookery,” by Mrs. Toogood; &c.

Messrs. A. & C. BLACK have in the press the “Story of Jonah the Prophet,” by the Rev. Dr. Raleigh, of Canonbury. The same house will publish in November the “Life of David Roberts, R.A.,” compiled from his journals, &c., by James Ballantine, illustrated with etchings.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR
THE WEEK.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

FINE ARTS:—Music.—The London Theatres.

SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—The Money Market.

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